The Weekly Standard

REMEMBER THE BEATLES!
DANIEL WATTENBERG

Clinton's Last Election

NOVEMBER 6, 2000 • $3.95

Fred Barnes • Tucker Carlson
Eric Cohen • William Kristol

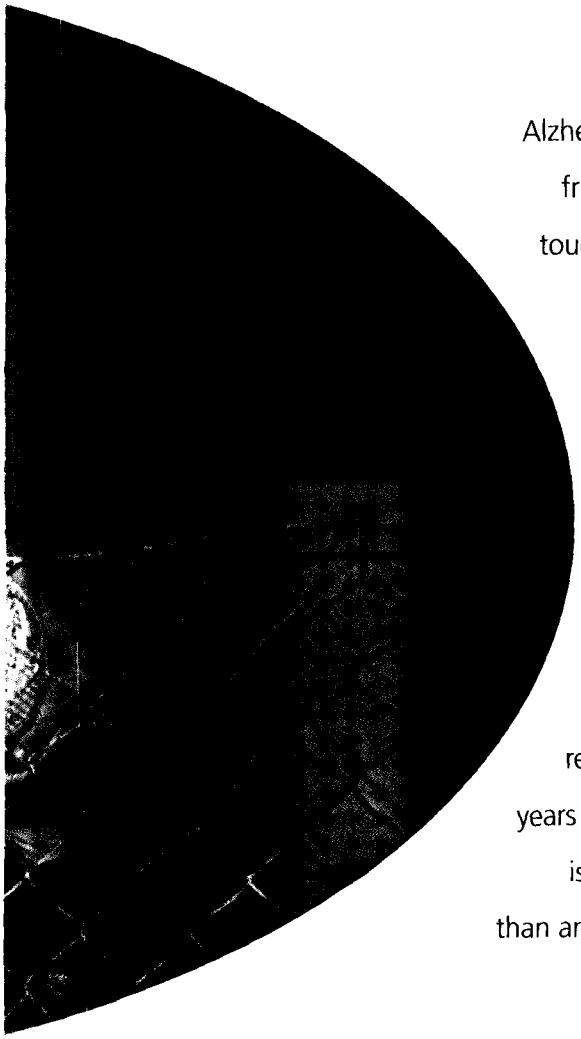
#BXNFMVD ****** 5-DIGIT 94301
#UNZ0555B096 1#302604 WK 004508
RON UNZ NOV 11 02 000031
371 BALN 000328
555 BRYANT ST 001
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We have fathers, sisters and best friends, too.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW PFIZER



At Pfizer, we're determined to find the cures of the future. A cure for your father's Alzheimer's, your sister's heart disease, your best friend's diabetes. A cure for the ailments that touch all our families. To help create this better world, we decided to create an even better company. Pfizer and Warner-Lambert have become one. The new Pfizer has the largest pharmaceutical research team in the world, with a scientific staff of 12,000 dedicated people looking for solutions to age-old problems. This year we're budgeted to spend $4.7 billion on research and development, and in the coming years we plan to invest even more. The new Pfizer is poised to do more for you and your family than any other pharmaceutical company in history. At Pfizer our company has changed, but our mission hasn't.

Pfizer

Life is our life's work.

www.pfizer.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In America, homeownership is a dream. Overseas, it's more of a rude awakening.

The difference is in the financing. In America, you can buy a home with as little as 3% down. In Germany, it's typically 35 to 40%. And 50% in Japan.

In America, your mortgage payments can be stretched out over 30 years. In France, it's more like 15.

In America, we take fixed rates for granted. In Canada, rates are fixed for up to five years, then you have to reapply.

In America, you can refinance your home without penalty. In Spain, you're hit with a cancellation fee.

Why are homebuyers in America so much better off? Because America has a secondary mortgage market to provide funds for home mortgages. Other countries just have banks.

The banks rely on deposits for mortgage funds. The secondary mortgage market, through the workings of Freddie Mac, attracts funds from investors all over the world.

In fact, the supply is so large, it's driven down mortgage rates by roughly half a percent, saving the homeowner with a $100,000 mortgage around $12,000 in interest.

Before the secondary mortgage market, the American home financing system worked just like those overseas. Today, our homeownership rate is the highest it's ever been. Why would we ever want to change that?

Freddie Mac

We Open Doors®

©2000 Freddie Mac

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Contents

November 6, 2000 • Volume 6, Number 8

4 Scrapbook . . *On the "Texas Miracle," NJ race, and more.*

6 Casual . . . . . *Joseph Epstein, typo donor.*

8 Correspondence . . . . . *On schools, marriage class, etc.*

11 Editorial . . . . . *Nothing to Offer But Fear Itself*

Cover: Bill Nelson

Articles

12 Who's Afraid of Social Security?
Not George W. Bush, despite the Gore campaign's attack ads. . . . . . BY FRED BARNES

14 "Win One for the Groper"
Why Gore is right to be wary of Clinton's help. . . . . . BY TUCKER CARLSON

16 A Wynn-Wynn Situation
It may be the most ludicrous congressional race in America. . . . . . BY MATT LABASH

19 Next Year in Jerusalem
No Greater Israel; no New Middle East. What's next? . . . . . BY TOM ROSE

21 Tricky Dickey
Jay Dickey voted to impeach Arkansas's favorite son. Will he survive? . . . . . BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

Features

24 Small Politics, Big Issues *America faces momentous choices. Why aren't the candidates discussing them?* . . . BY ERIC COHEN

28 Want to Be a Millionaire? Get A Farm *Republicans try to plant the seeds of victory.* . . . . . BY STEPHEN MOORE

Books & Arts

31 Rebel With a Cause *Vaclav Havel, from dissident to president.* . . . . . BY ANNE APPLEBAUM

34 The Voices of Summer *New York baseball, the way it used to be broadcast.* . . . . . BY SPENCER WARREN

36 Remember the Beatles! *They actually were as good as you think.* . . . . . BY DANIEL WATTENBERG

40 Parody . . . . . *Kim Jong Il's guide to being a ladies' man.*

William Kristol, *Editor and Publisher* **Fred Barnes,** *Executive Editor*
David Tell, *Opinion Editor* **David Brooks, Andrew Ferguson,** *Senior Editors* **Richard Starr, Claudia Winkler,** *Managing Editors*
J. Bottum, *Books & Arts Editor* **Christopher Caldwell,** *Senior Writer* **Victorino Matus, David Skinner,** *Associate Editors*
Tucker Carlson, Matt Labash, Matthew Rees, *Staff Writers* **Kent Bain,** *Art Director*
Katherine Rybak Torres, *Assistant Art Director* **Jonathan V. Last,** *Reporter* **Jennifer Kabbany, Edmund Walsh,** *Editorial Assistants*
John J. DiIulio Jr., Joseph Epstein, David Frum, David Gelernter, Brit Hume,
Robert Kagan, Charles Krauthammer, P. J. O'Rourke, John Podhoretz, Irwin M. Stelzer, *Contributing Editors*
David H. Bass, *Deputy Publisher* **Polly Coreth,** *Business Manager*
Nicholas H.B. Swezey, *Advertising & Marketing Manager* **John L. Mackall,** *Advertising Sales Manager* **Lauren Trotta Husted,** *Circulation Director*
Doris Ridley, Carolyn Wimmer, *Executive Assistants* **Tina Winston,** *Accounting*
Ian Slatter, *Special Projects* **Catherine Titus, Davida Weinberger,** *Staff Assistants*

the weekly Standard

THE WEEKLY STANDARD (ISSN 1083-3013) is published weekly (except the last week in April, the second week in July, the first week in September, and the second week in January) by News America Incorporated, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-283-2014. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153; changes of address to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Yearly subscriptions, $78.00. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-303-776-3605 for subscription inquiries. Visa/MasterCard payment accepted. Cover price, $3.95. Back issues, $3.95 (includes postage and handling). Send manuscripts and letters to the editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. THE WEEKLY STANDARD Advertising Sales Office in Washington, DC, is 1-202-293-4900. Advertising Production: Call Ian Slatter 1-202-496-3354. Copyright 2000, News America Incorporated. All rights reserved. No material in THE WEEKLY STANDARD may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. THE WEEKLY STANDARD is a trademark of News America Incorporated.

BPA INTERNATIONAL

www.weeklystandard.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Truth About the "Texas Miracle"

When the RAND Corporation issued a study last week challenging the results of Texas's statewide educational assessment tests, Democrats gleefully sent the findings to reporters across the country and set out on the stump to eviscerate George W. Bush's education record. "[Bush's] claims to accountability rest on half-measures and a hollow record. . . . We cannot afford to . . . [leave kids] with serious learning deficits," Al Gore told supporters. House minority leader Dick Gephardt asserted, "Students in Texas did not have better scores on the tests than other students around the country," while his Senate counterpart, Tom Daschle, added, "I think really the so-called Texas miracle is nothing more than a tall Texas tale."

Regular SCRAPBOOK readers won't be surprised to learn that Gore and his surrogates were exaggerating. Ignoring the political odor emanating from the release of the latest RAND report—the authors are all Democrats; the study examines only Texas; it was issued just two weeks before Election Day—it's hardly the bombshell Gore's campaign would like people to believe. The 14-page "Issue Paper" compares students' performance on the statewide Texas Assessment of Academic Skills with their performance on three examinations from the National Assessment of Educational Progress. It concludes: "Except for fourth grade math, the gains in Texas were comparable to those experienced nationwide during this time period." And how about fourth grade math? "The increase in fourth grade math scores in Texas was significantly greater than it was nationwide." So the debate boils down to this: Are Texas students doing a whole lot better than they were before Bush took office, or just a lot better?

There is another exaggeration in the attacks on Bush's Texas record that has gone unremarked because it is so subtle (almost subliminal). Bush's critics invariably mock the "Texas miracle"—a phrase they present within sneer quotes. But Bush himself, while obviously proud of his Texas record, has never once referred to it as the "Texas miracle." Neither has his staff. Neither have any serious education reformers.

As a quick Nexis search shows, that phrase is used almost exclusively by reporters, TV anchors, critical think-tank researchers, and, above all, the Gore campaign. They all use the phrase as if were common parlance in Texas. But there's no sign anyone there ever said such a thing.

And why would they? To speak of a "Texas miracle" invites mockery. It self-consciously echoes the much-maligned "Massachusetts miracle" of Michael Dukakis (absent the alliteration). Which is probably the key to its origins. The Gore playbook for this election called for Dukakisizing George W. Bush. And if Bush was less cartoonishly boastful about his record as governor than Dukakis had been . . . well, no matter, you can fill in the gaps with dishonest rhetoric.

That's one explanation. Or it may simply be a case of projection. Gore is so accustomed to claiming credit for his own miraculous achievements, he may assume that everyone does the same. ♦

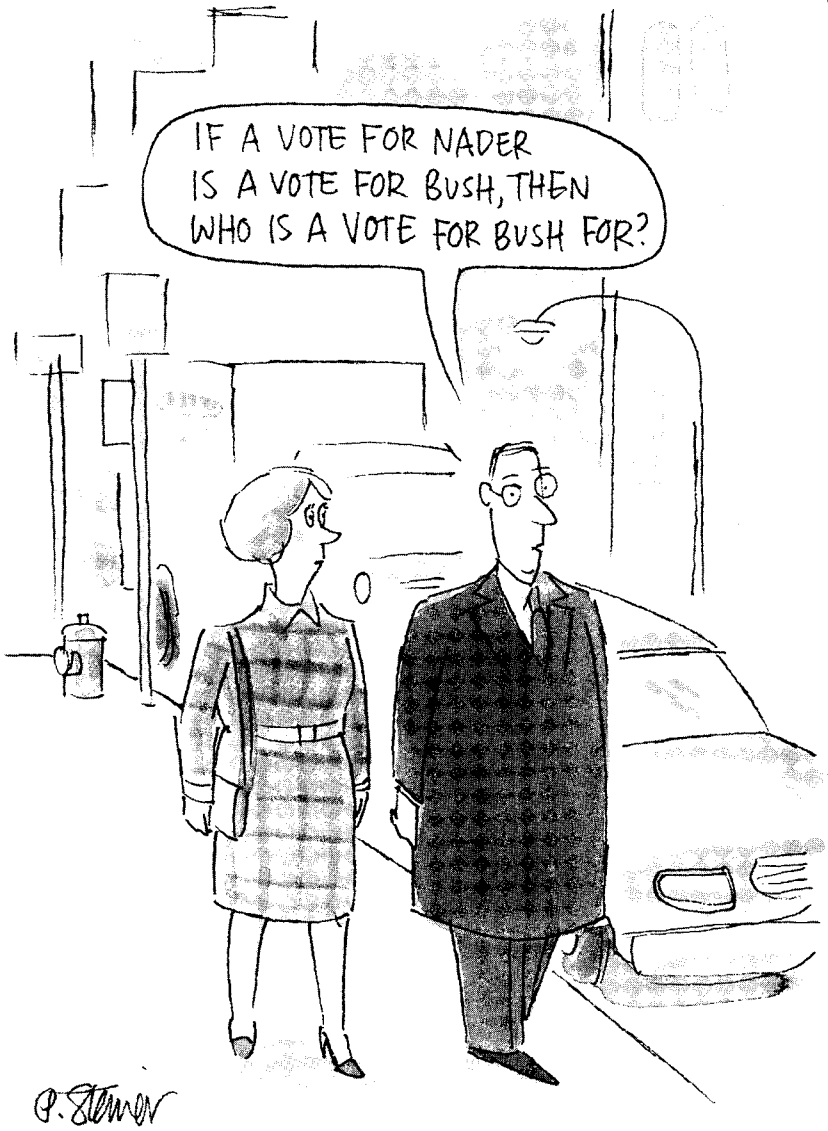
A New Jersey Surprise

It must have chagrined Mitch McConnell to wake up last Wednesday and discover that the *New York Times* loved New Jersey's Republican senatorial candidate Bob Franks more than he did. Maybe McConnell, chairman of the National Republican Senatorial Committee, was daunted by the more than $50 million in personal funds that Democrat Jon Corzine has poured into the race. Maybe he was ticked off that Franks twice voted in favor of the Shays-Meehan campaign finance reform bill, towards which McConnell has vowed over-my-dead-body opposition. Whatever the reason, McConnell didn't offer Franks a cent of NRSC money until Franks prevailed upon him to do so at a face to face meeting in mid-October.

The *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the *Times* took the opposite view of Corzine's money: While admitting some sympathy with Corzine's ideology, both papers found little to like in the way his money has permitted a machine-style buying of New Jersey political organizations. And both papers endorsed Franks.

Since then, things have begun to change. A late-week Quinnipiac poll showed the race narrowing from 14 points to 5, the closest it's been since the primaries. The case for TV ads in the New York and Philadelphia markets touting the two endorsements and introducing voters to Franks's own, more moderate agenda became obvi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ous. (Up until now, Franks's ads have focused on Corzine's money advantage.)

In other words, maxing out on ads for Franks now looks like a better investment than it did a week ago. So McConnell announced to Franks last Thursday afternoon that the senatorial committee's money would be forthcoming. Franks is now set to make his biggest ad buys of the campaign: $550,000 in New York and $265,000 in Philadelphia. That will still leave at least $900,000 for a closing-week blitz.

Certain mistakes, though, can't be unmade. For months, the NRSC's stinginess dried up other funding sources, and left Franks fending for himself, with small subsidies from the moderate Republican Leadership Council and tiny donations that Franks had to raise personally, distracting him from the campaign trail for days at a time. McConnell will either get credit for decently acknowledging a mistake, and moving bravely to fix it, or he'll be remembered as having applied to the Franks campaign the same tactics that Vladimir Putin applied to the submarine *Kursk*—launching a massive rescue effort at exactly the point where it was too late to make any difference. We'll find out in a week. ♦

HUD's Healing Touch

Last week, the *Washington Post* ran on the cover of its "Health" section an account of an $840,000 HUD program contracted out to something called the National Institute for Medical Options. The program pursues "alternative wellness" therapies in public housing projects, taking residents with problems as serious as glandular imbalances, battery wounds, and drug addiction, and treating them with gemstones, incantations, and "goddess typing."

This goddess business, pioneered by guru Michelle Lusson, is based on the idea that your endocrine system links your body and mind. If your dominant gland is the thyroid, you're a Mercury; if it's the adrenal gland, you're a Venus; if it's your pancreas, you're Aphrodite. ("But I thought Venus *was* Aphrodite," you may ask.)

We were moved to ask why liberal bureaucrats, who profess to be appalled that residents on welfare are left to make do with inferior health care, initiated this program in the first place? Presumably because they view it as a supplement, and will defend the program even if national health and prescription drug benefits become law.

We were also moved to ask why this article ran in the "Health" section. Presumably because the *Post* does not have a weekly "Waste, Fraud, and Abuse" section. ♦

Election Extra!

The next issue of THE WEEKLY STANDARD will be printed the Friday before Election Day. So you don't have to wait a whole week for our brilliant analysis of the election returns, a special DAILY STANDARD will be published on our website early Wednesday, November 8. Visit *weeklystandard.com* early and often! ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Casual

H.W. Howler

While motoring along nicely in Roger Shattuck's *Proust's Way*, I was stopped when I read, on page 186, apropos of C.K. Scott Montcrieff's translation of *Remembrance of Things Past*, that "many critics, myself included, pointed out annoying bloomers and occasional excesses of style." Looking up from the page, I thought, *Ah, yes, those bloomers, God, they can be annoying*, and felt a surge of fellow suffering with Professor Shattuck, whose proofreaders, if he had any, left him sadly exposed. By bloomers, of course, he intended bloopers, a word that includes the weird and wonderful world of typographical screw-ups, of which Roger Shattuck could not know that he would suffer a beaut. But this is our world now. In publishing a book, every writer becomes, potentially, his own H.W. Howler.

Howlers divide into those one causes on one's own and those caused by copy editors, proofreaders, and mysterious forces perhaps best not investigated too closely. The worst howlers are those that one can't really blame on anyone else. I once misquoted the lyrics from "The Lady is A Tramp," so that, in my version, the lady "hates California, it's cold and it's dark," instead of "it's damp." This brought me many new pen pals, none of whom seemed impressed with my suggestion that, with my change in mind, the song could now be retitled as "The Lady is a Narc."

People exist whose idea of a swell time is informing writers about typographical and other errors in their work. I once gave one of my books to an academic, who called to thank me, adding, in his Mittel-European accent, with a really rolling R, that the book was "bristling with typos." I thanked him, and made a mental note never to give him another. A professor of engineering at Purdue took to calling me, usually in the evening, to report, in a morose voice, that he had found one or another kind of error in one of my books. I had finally to tell him that I didn't welcome his calls. (Perhaps he thought his discoveries of error would be set aright in later editions of my books, being unaware that, in my oeuvre, the rare books are the second editions.) May these gentlemen, as the Jews used to say of the tsar, live and be well, but not too close to me.

On page 241 of *How We Got Here*, David Frum's excellent study of the influence of the decade of the 1970s, one finds an odd bracket in a sentence that, in part, reads: ". . . well, it would have seemed like a throwback to the worst days of imperialism, [the hat, not the hairpiece!] when topee-wearing sahibs sipped gin on the verandah while talking condescendingly of the 'Asiastics.'" The origin of that bracket is a less than tip-top copy editor who wondered if by "topee" he didn't mean "toupe." When corrected, the copy editor, clever devil, put the correction right into the text, bracket, exclamation mark, and all. I hope he or she one day comes to realize that Mr. Frum's exclamation mark stands for idiot.

Pages 241 through 256 in *Ancestral Houses*, Sonya Rudikoff's book about Virginia Woolf's snobbery, are pasted into the book upside down and backwards. I've heard of books in which the author's name is misspelled on the title page. *Encyclopaedia Britannica* some years ago printed a mis-captioned photograph of Turgenev in its article on Tolstoy. Heaven knows, as the man said, anything goes. Typographical errors, once so rare, are now scarcely noteworthy. Several years ago, Tom Wolfe told me that he'd heard there had never been a typo in the *National Geographic*. If so, I hope it's still true. I don't recall any typos in the *New Yorker* until fairly recently. My own manuscripts, I note, contain more typos than previously. I like to think this is owing to my composing on the computer, which has every virtue except that it doesn't let one see what one has written with the same clarity as that which one has typed on a sheet of white paper. As for the various spell-check programs, they are, as everyone knows, the greatest of all faux amis.

The great proofreaders of yesteryear, selfless men and women of astonishingly active conscience, have for the most part by now gone to their just reward. May their tombstones be free of typos.

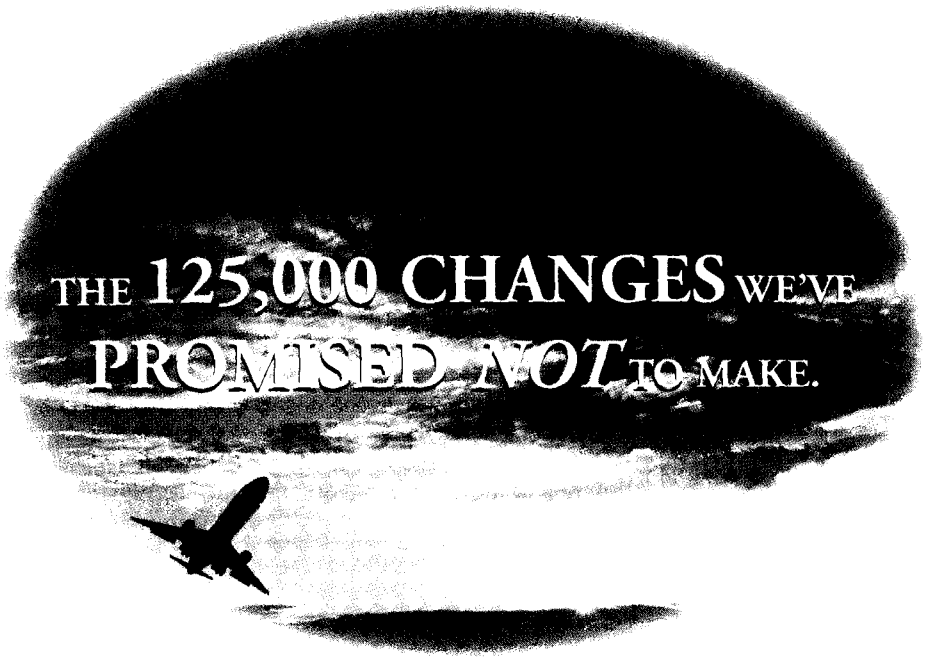
Such is the prevalence of typos, that sometimes a writer's personal behavior will cause one to suspect typos after the fact. In the 1950s, my friend Edward Shils, having learned that E.M. Forster was interested in publishing a diary he had kept from his days in Egypt during World War I, tried to persuade Forster to publish it in the magazine *Encounter*. Forster said he would certainly consider doing so, but then turned round and published it in *Harper's*, where he received a much larger fee. Recounting the story to me, Edward said, "Hmm, Joseph, do you suppose in the epigraph to *Howards End*, where Forster wrote 'Only connect,' he really meant 'Only collect'?"

Joseph Epstein

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Informed Traveler

5th *in a series*



Our proposed acquisition of US Airways will mean a lot of things will change for customers of both airlines—and we think for the better.

Like the additional choices that will come from over 500 more routes we'll offer travelers.

LOCKING IN FARES

It may also surprise you to learn that there are 125,000 things we've promised not to change—virtually every one of our "structure fares."

These include certain 14 and 21 day advance purchase fares as well as walk-up business fares for continental U.S. travel. No other airline has ever made a pledge like this before—to hold these fares constant for the next two years.*

We expect that network synergies resulting from our acquisition of US Airways could help us make some airfares even more attractive as we go forward.

COMPETITIVE REACTION

Given the competitive nature of the airline industry, we think other airlines may react to these fares.

We believe our proposed acquisition of US Airways makes a lot of sense for a lot of good reasons. Including 125,000 competitive airfares.

For more information, visit us at www.united.com.

UNITED AIRLINES

*Begins date of acquisition.
Subject only to fuel and Consumer Price Index adjustments.

© 2000 United Airlines, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teach Your Teachers

Catherine Seipp's important testimonial about her daughter's miseducation in the Los Angeles Unified School District ("Public School Confidential!" Oct. 16) was a timely reminder of the scandalous level of unresponsiveness and incompetence to which a public bureaucracy is uniquely able to sink.

About 10 years ago, I worked as a substitute teacher for the LAUSD. To work as a substitute teacher, I needed to take an exam called the CBEST. I was appalled to discover that the test was so undemanding that a 10th grader should have had no problem passing it. Worse, though, I heard a number of test-takers remark that it was their third, fourth, or fifth time taking the test, with one would-be teacher saying, "All you have to do is pass this brutal test once and you're set for life." A local paper recently reported that one educator complained about a new exit exam being contemplated for 12th graders, saying it was harder than the CBEST.

During my very brief tenure as a teacher, I found an alarming number of my colleagues to be notoriously unschooled themselves. I was also appalled to witness the educational repression of Spanish-speaking students, who in some cases were made to listen to my lectures via a translator (a 1998 ballot measure has since banned this practice). Less numerous ethnic populations learned in English because of the unavailability of translators.

It's sad to think that the capable teachers I met earn the same pay as colleagues who must struggle to pass a simple, high school level exam. Hopefully, enough parents and civic-minded Californians will understand that only a competitive education system supported by parental choice, as envisioned by the Proposition 38 voucher initiative, can rescue the state's imperiled students.

Gil Weinreich
West Hills, CA

Fill the Emotional Void

Claudia Winkler's "Marriage 101" misses the point (Oct. 16). Before society can dictate a life agenda, we must first develop emotional intelligence. Teaching morality and relationship skills is an admirable quest, but teaching those who cannot cope on a daily basis is for naught.

Whatever the background or lifestyle of any individual, the ability to possess life management skills will result in the understanding of right and wrong, thus allowing intellectual thought to flourish. The intellectual side of our brain is in a quandary when our emotional side is in flux between lethargy and rage. Social skills mean nothing to children living with contrary examples at home or watching worse elsewhere. Teaching your or my ideal is not the answer.

Children who develop emotional

intelligence are armed with a strong sense of self-worth and personal responsibility, and become more naturally free-thinking, creative, and socially interactive, helping them develop lifelong personal relationships. Learning becomes an adventure and choices are better defined.

Without coping skills and a strong sense of personal accountability we have become a generation of Bill Clinton's ilk. His inability to stay pure of heart in marriage illustrates that churches, schools, and families cannot teach the emotionally challenged. Until we set aside the "my way or no way" and "they made me do it" attitudes, teaching non-academic life lessons is a struggle in futility. All of us individually and personally are responsible for our actions and deeds, good or bad. Reconcile that, and everything else will fall into place.

Marcel J. van Rossum
Eldersburg, MD

Cash Back

Governor Bush could do much to preempt the habitual "tax cut for the wealthy" complaint about his tax plan by more properly characterizing it not as a "cut," but as a "rebate" (Fred Barnes, "Whatever Happened to Tax Cuts?" Oct. 9).

While typically a tax cut is an end in itself, intended to correct a perceived inequity in the size or distribution of the tax burden, here the proposed tax cut is simply a means of rebating to those taxpayers who funded our surplus the amount that was, it turns out, inappropriately demanded of them. Understood in that way—and repeatedly referred to as a rebate to make and keep the point clear—only the most self-serving of Americans would refuse to acknowledge the justness of Bush's proposal.

Better still, why not eliminate the cut as the means, and have the rebate be the means and the end? Without a change in tax rates, "rebate tables" can be created that produce an amount, based upon the tax owed in the current year or paid in prior years, that each taxpayer can include on a current return to reduce the amount owed. Opponents can still call this a cut, of course, but why put oneself on the defensive from the beginning by doing it for them?

Daniel J. Sullivan
Lexington, MA

Al Gore Is a Machine

The problem with Andrew Ferguson's "The Metaphors Make the Man" (Oct. 16) is that it denies Al Gore the right to think seriously about the problems America faces. Washington insiders may know in their hearts that there is nothing that can make government function more smoothly, but for the rest of us, hope springs eternal that governing is an open-ended, day to day

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effort that could benefit from some new efficiencies. Learning from corporations, for example, is an attempt to deal with modern problems that could benefit the country, and thus is more than just a metaphor.

JEFFREY P. MUSCHLER
Austin, MN

MISUNDERSTANDING BEN

HAVING READ David Brooks's review of *The First American*, by H.W. Brands ("Our Founding Yuppie," Oct. 23), it is clear that Brooks is tone-deaf regarding the music of science. Because of this missing neural circuitry—which absence, by the way, seems ubiquitous within the literary community—he misses the soaring spirituality of science and technology and hears only a "flatness of soul."

Because many scientists and engineers do not require the artificial constructs of unseen beings carrying moral lightning, and understand the impossibility of a walking, talking soul, they are seen as hollow men and women by the closet mystics of the arts.

Instruction in the eternal, subtle music of thermodynamics is lost on the tone-deaf. So it is fruitless for the engineer and scientist to attempt to communicate the depth of feeling of (and, yes, spiritual congruity with the universe of) discovery and "workingness." The David Brookses of the world are utterly baffled by a person's lump in the throat while standing before the mind-captured-in-steel of a locomotive (or a heat pump, for that matter).

JOHN H. FOX
Tullahoma, TN

I'M TIRED OF HAVING my American heroes unjustly denigrated. First it was Thomas Jefferson. Now it's Benjamin Franklin, whose studies, community initiative, and human relationships, even in youth, would put to shame the wasted hours of most modern teenagers.

We can expect D.H. Lawrence to malign Franklin, but for David Brooks to say that Franklin lacked a tragic sense and moral gravity? One example: Franklin acknowledged his deep suffering when he lost two sons, though each in different ways. But pragmatic men don't nurse their wounds. Like Franklin, they become workaholics and console themselves through creativity.

NANCY ANN HOLTZ
Salem, MA

THE SCOOP ON VIETNAM

ELLIOTT ABRAMS'S REVIEW of Robert G. Kaufman's biography of Scoop Jackson ("The Last Good Democrat," Oct. 2) glides right over Jackson's participation in the betrayal of U.S. morality and interests in the year before the fall of Saigon—unless it's contained in the phrase about the not-too-many times "Jackson pulled in his horns in the mid-1970s . . . to blunt left-wing opposition to his candidacy for president."

Those of us in Vietnam in 1974-75, hoping against all evidence in the media that Congress would give the South Vietnamese the means to meet the coming Communist onslaught, listened in horror at the news reports of vote after vote slashing military and economic assistance. Surely at least Jackson would rally a few Democrats to provide for the minimum commitment necessary for some small chance of an honorable fulfillment of our pledges to the people of South Vietnam. But Jackson fell far short of the challenge, ultimately joining so many others in refusing our allies the assistance that was the sine qua non of a successful resistance.

In the context of the most dishonorable American abandonment of the twentieth century, Scoop Jackson deserves little credit, and conservatives who praise him should do so with considerably more qualification than Abrams provides.

G.W. SCOTT
Duncan, OK

A SIC-ENING DISPLAY

I WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH to pick up the Oct. 9 issue of THE WEEKLY STANDARD while passing through New York recently. It struck me as a little disingenuous for THE SCRAPBOOK to come down hard on the *Washington Post* for flagging a small grammatical error by the governor of Texas ("Anti-Bush Sic-ness at the *Washington Post*") only to have Christopher Caldwell home in on the first lady's mispronunciation of "kvelling" 20 pages later ("Split Ticket Rick"). Clinton should no more deny her "Illinoisan" linguistic roots than claim to be a natural-born Yiddish speaker. And wouldn't her opponents be the first to target her if she tried? Just a thought, albeit one with a Scottish accent.

JOHN EDWARD
Via e-mail

I REALLY APPRECIATED "Anti-Bush Sic-ness at the *Washington Post*." When I saw the [sic] after Bush's "hone in" I was angry. For eight years I have been unable to watch or listen to our current president. I want to have a president I'm proud of. If (God forbid) Gore is elected, he will be another Clinton in my life. Bush may make grammatical errors and mispronounce some words, but he tells the truth and he speaks my language.

MARY OBER
Vista, CA

WHILE REPORTING THE "Anti-Bush Sic-ness" at the *Post*, THE SCRAPBOOK insisted, "The *Post* owes Bush an apology." You either have to be dreaming or you have forgotten that when you are a liberal or a Democrat you never have to say you're sorry!

H. GLENN IRVINE
Streeter, ND

• • •

THE WEEKLY STANDARD
welcomes letters to the editor.
Letters will be edited for length and clarity and must include the writer's name, address, and phone number.
All letters should be addressed:
Correspondence Editor
THE WEEKLY STANDARD
1150 17th St., NW, Suite 505
Washington, DC 20036.

You may also fax letters: (202) 293-4901
or e-mail: Editor@Weeklystandard.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Fannie Mae, we're turning the roadblocks to homeownership into picket fences.

You can see Fannie Mae at work all across the country. A family in the Midwest lives their dream of owning a home. A neighborhood on the East Coast is revitalized after decades of decline. A family with past credit problems is finally able to afford a home of their own. Our lender partners are able to utilize our technology to save time and money. And there are countless other examples.

Because every day, we work with our mortgage lender partners and other housing leaders to fulfill a goal. To knock down the barriers to homeownership. To lower costs and increase opportunities for low- and moderate-income families. To make affordable rental housing available to all Americans. How do we do this? As the nation's largest source of mortgage funds, we put our financial strength and innovation to work to make sure that low-cost mortgage funds are readily available so that our lender partners can help more working families live the American Dream of homeownership.

We believe that when more Americans have safe places to call home, it strengthens families, communities, and our nation as a whole.

Lower rates. Lower costs. Increasing homeownership opportunities. Fannie Mae at work.

FannieMae
www.fanniemae.com

©2000, Fannie Mae. All rights reserved. The house logo is a registered mark of Fannie Mae.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the weekly Standard

Nothing to Offer But Fear Itself

"He now leads the party of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, but the only thing he has to offer is fear itself."
George W. Bush, acceptance speech at the GOP convention, August 3, 2000

Who knew that, along with his other attributes, George W. Bush had the gift of prophecy?

It's an extraordinary spectacle: Al Gore, the incumbent vice president of the United States, at a time of peace and prosperity, closing his presidential campaign with an appeal to pure, unadulterated fear. First, shortly after the third debate, the Gore campaign and the Democratic party went up with television commercials on Social Security, which may have succeeded in scaring some senior citizens (temporarily) away from Bush. If the Bush operatives were caught a bit by surprise, they have only themselves to blame. The Democratic national chairman had warned that, in proposing to reform Social Security, Bush had "grabbed the third rail of American politics" but "didn't realize that we hadn't turned on the electricity yet."

Bush should make an issue out of the stealth attacks—the flaws of Gore's campaign reflect the flaws of the man.

But the real electricity was turned on last week, more quietly, over the telephone. The Gore campaign began phoning households, especially senior citizens, with automated messages designed to scare the recipients away from Bush. First there was the Ed Asner recorded message, falsely and repeatedly claiming that Bush's Social Security plan would cut benefits for current beneficiaries; then there was the taped message from a Texas woman, holding Bush more or less responsible for her husband's death in a nursing home four years ago; then there was the message from a Houston mother, complaining that her kids can't go outside because of air pollution supposedly caused by Bush. Phone calls like these offer a campaign the advantage of flying under the radar, hardly visible to the media, and with deniability as to their origin (there is no disclosure of who is paying for such calls, while disclosure is required of TV and radio commercials).

Fear is a powerful emotion, and such appeals to fear sometimes work. A similar (and equally dishonest) stealth Social Security fear campaign over the phones in the last days of the 1994 Florida gubernatorial election probably cost Jeb Bush a victory over Lawton Chiles.

But Gore's campaign probably made a mistake. They began the calls two weeks before the election, allowing the Bush campaign ample time to respond. Surely the right response is to turn the phone calls back on Gore as a prime example of his willingness to say and do anything to win. In fact, Bush could make Gore's stealth attack a dominant issue in the campaign's final days. The reason is simple: The flaws of Gore's campaign reflect the flaws of the candidate himself. And these flaws are in turn a reminder of the unwholesome nature of the Clinton-Gore administration.

Clinton's emergence onto the campaign trail this week is a further gift to the Bush campaign. If Bush has already succeeded in making an issue out of the character of his opponent's campaign, then this latest development allows him to relink Gore and Clinton and to return, explicitly and implicitly, to his theme of "no third term." Then, over the last weekend, Bush can sound a positive note, explaining that America needs a change in the White House, and emphasizing a message of bipartisanship, trust in the people, and hope.

Gore is now desperately avoiding appearances with Clinton, but a focus on Gore's unethical campaign tactics over the next few days can help ensure that Dick Cheney's prophecy will come true: "Somehow we will never see one without thinking of the other." If voters see Gore in the context of his fear-mongering campaign, and are at the same time reminded of his association with Bill Clinton, George W. Bush will be our next president.

—*William Kristol*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's Afraid of Social Security?

Not George W. Bush, despite the Gore campaign's attack ads. BY FRED BARNES

REPUBLICAN SENATOR Tim Hutchinson of Arkansas made an urgent call to Karl Rove, George W. Bush's chief campaign strategist, shortly after returning to Washington on October 25. Television ads attacking George W. Bush on Social Security were airing all over his home state, and Hutchinson had seen no Bush response. Republicans were alarmed, fearing the ads might scare enough voters away from Bush to swing Arkansas to Al Gore. Hutchinson was convinced of one thing: Bill Clinton would never let a day go by before responding to a serious attack. Having voted to convict the president on impeachment charges, Hutchinson is hardly a Clinton devotee. But he credits Clinton with sharp political instincts. And he wanted Bush to act similarly, jabbing Gore pointedly with his own TV spot on Social Security.

Rove did not share Hutchinson's sense of dread. He believed the charge that Bush would jeopardize Social Security won't fly. Rove gave the senator the gist of a fresh Republican commercial that deals, partly anyway, with Social Security. The ad puts the issue in the broader context of Gore's credibility. "Why does Al Gore say one thing when the truth is another?" it asks. "His attacks on George Bush's Social Security plan—exaggerations. The truth? Non-partisan analysis confirms George Bush's plan sets aside $2.4 trillion to strengthen Social Security." The ad also questions Gore's promise to deliver smaller government.

Fred Barnes is executive editor of THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Hutchinson was satisfied. Yet the Bush response was minimal. Going low-key on an issue as potentially explosive as Social Security was a gamble.

Bush is betting that Social Security is not the issue it once was. For decades, Democrats have used it

DNC TV

against Republicans, often late in campaigns and usually demagogically. In 1982, it helped Democrats win House seats. In 1986, it was the pivotal issue as Democrats recaptured the Senate. Most Republican senators had voted for a tiny reduction in the cost-of-living increase for beneficiaries (later rejected by the House). This was ballooned by Democrats into a full-scale threat to the survival of Social Security as we know it. For more than a decade after that, Republicans balked at raising the issue, despite evidence of Social Security's looming insolvency.

Sensing a national desire to fix the system, Bush has proposed to allow workers to use a portion of their payroll taxes to invest in stocks, bonds, or mutual funds. This would be part of a more sweeping reform of the Social Security system to be worked out in bipartisan negotiations next year, according to Bush. Except for the private investment accounts, Bush has been skimpy on details. But just this single reform proposal has triggered Gore's claim that Bush would privatize all of Social Security. And it is the basis for two Democratic TV ads charging that Bush "threatens" the system.

The ads suggest the $1 trillion Bush allots to the private accounts over 10 years would come out of the pockets of senior citizens. Recorded telephone messages read by actor Ed Asner falsely claim the money would affect "current" benefits, but the TV ads aren't quite so explicit. One ad, produced by the Gore campaign, says the transfer of $1 trillion "would cut Social Security benefits for seniors." The other ad, aired by the Democratic National Committee, says Bush has promised the same money to both seniors and those with the new investment accounts. "Which promise is he going to keep?" the ad asks. "George W. Bush. His promises threaten Social Security."

The equanimity with which the Bush campaign reacted to the ads was striking. Rumors of a squabble between Bush and Rove over the strategist's supposed eagerness to respond full-throttle proved to be untrue. Bush, Rove, and the rest of the Bush crowd are persuaded the old rule of thumb on Social Security no longer applies. That rule: If Social Security is on the table, Republicans lose. Now, according to Rove, it is just another Democratic issue that needs to be dealt with, but not dwelled on. "We don't want to fight on their turf," says Matthew Dowd, Rove's deputy.

What's taken the sting out of the issue? "The paradigm has changed," insists Rove. "Public opinion has reached a critical point." More people

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You deserve a factual look at...

100+ Years of Zionism and 50+ Years of Israel What Can the World Learn from It?

In 1894, Theodor Herzl, a journalist and thoroughly assimilated Austrian Jew, was assigned by his Vienna paper to cover the notorious Dreyfus trial in France. The experience of seeing this Jewish officer being railroaded to a life sentence on Devil's Island led him to the recognition that life for Jews in Europe was untenable and that the solution of the "Jewish problem" lay in the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine.

What are the facts?

The Birth of a Dream. The return to Zion had for 2,000 years been the dream of Europe's dispersed Jews, the only hope in their miserable lives. "Next year in Jerusalem" had always been the watchword. But nothing was done to bring this dream to reality. Theodor Herzl organized the first Zionist Congress in Basel (Switzerland) in 1897 and political Zionism was born.

The concept of creating a new nation in what was then a sparsely-settled country was something totally new, never before attempted in the history of mankind. But Herzl's vision fired up world Jewry and especially the Jews of eastern Europe, who were despairing under the yoke of Russian oppression and recurring pogroms. Energized by Zionist aspirations, British Foreign Secretary Lord Balfour issued his famous Declaration in 1917, by which Palestine was established as a national home for the Jewish people. In 1922, the League of Nations entrusted Britain with the Mandate for Palestine. Regrettably, and contrary to the Balfour Declaration and the requirement of the Mandate, Britain decided that the provisions for setting up a Jewish national home would not apply east of the Jordan River. That area constituted three-fourths of the territory of the Mandate and eventually became the Hashemite Kingdom of Transjordan. Only one-quarter of Palestine remained to fulfill the Jewish dream.

A Nation is Born and Succeeds. The modern state of Israel was founded in May 1948, almost exactly fifty years ago—fifty years after Herzl formulated the concept. Immediately upon its creation, the country was invaded by the armies of five Arab countries. With a total Jewish population of only about 650,000, and with limited armaments and resources, the ragtag army of Israel defeated the combined might of the aggressors and established itself firmly within its boundaries. Transjordan (now renamed Jordan) stayed in possession of Judea/Samaria (now known as the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem. Egypt occupied the Gaza Strip. The price was very high. In this bloodiest of wars imposed on Israel, over 6,000 citizen-soldiers died -- over 1% of the population. It is as if the United States were to suffer a loss of close to 3 million people! It was not the only war that its neighbors visited on Israel. In the Six-Day War of 1967, Israel once again prevailed; it repossessed Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), the eastern part of Jerusalem, and conquered the vast Sinai Peninsula and the Golan Heights. And once more, in 1973, the Arabs tried to destroy Israel in the Yom Kippur War. Once more, they suffered defeat.

> "One would think that the world, especially the emerging nations, would wish to learn from Israel's example, so as to emulate its achievement. Unfortunately, almost the exact opposite is the case."

Despite being under constant attack and siege and having suffered over 20,000 dead in those defensive wars, Israel created social and political systems and an economy that continues to amaze experts worldwide. Israel is the only truly democratic country in the entire Middle East, with governmental structure and institutions comparable to those of the United States. Its economy—despite the enormous defense expenditures mandated by the aggressiveness of its neighbors and despite the effort and expense of having absorbed more than 2.5 million immigrants (four times the population at the creation of the state)—can only be described as a miracle of human accomplishment. Virtually everything—infrastructure such as roads, railroads, ports, airports, water carriers, electricity stations and distribution networks—had to be built from a minimal base. Today, Israel's economy is booming. It is a leader in high-tech technology; it has created one of the most advanced agricultural systems in the world; it is one of world leaders in economic growth rate; it has one of the highest per-capita incomes in the world; and it is the world leader in exports per capita.

We have in this century seen the demise of many "isms", the most prominent failures being those of Communism and Nazism. But Zionism, the national movement of the Jewish people, has flourished despite incredible obstacles—to an extent that the visionary Theodor Herzl could not have possibly imagined 100 years ago. One would think that the world, especially the emerging nations, would wish to learn from Israel's example, so as to emulate its achievements. Unfortunately, almost the exact opposite is the case. Goaded by the Arab nations, inalterably hostile to Israel and single-mindedly dedicated to its destruction, the United Nations has offered more than 100 resolutions censuring and condemning Israel's actions.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic about the Middle East
P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national newspapers and magazines. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and for related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

$_____ /59A

❑ My contribution is in the amount of $100 or more. Please send me your videotape on three important aspects of Israel's strategic situation, fiery speeches by Yassir Arafat, and some memorable moments with Louis Farrakhan.

My name is_____

I live at _____

In_____ State _____ Zip_____

Mail to : FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fear Social Security won't deliver for them, or for their children, than fear reform of the entire system. The public thinks Social Security needs to be fixed. Bush vows to do that, Rove says, while Gore proposes no reform at all. Besides, private investment accounts are a popular idea. Bush's advisers feel he's immunized on Social Security. "It's very difficult to pigeonhole Bush as a typical Republican on that issue," says an aide. He's styled himself a "compassionate conservative" and a "different kind of Republican," not a conventional Republican bent on slashing programs.

For Gore, the one requirement to make the Social Security issue work is relentlessness. And once the debates were finished, he was single-minded about it. The result? A slight drift in his direction. Polls showed, however, that the voters coming his way were blacks and union members. Two weeks before the election, he'd maxed out on those groups. For Bush's strategists, this confirmed their belief that the Social Security issue appeals these days mostly to Democratic base voters—and not to swing voters. Gore may believe that, too. He soon began stressing other issues, first education, then global warming.

So, in the end, Bush chose not to devote either a full speech or an entire television spot to defending himself on Social Security. Instead, he blended the issue into a broader speech on "responsible leadership" on October 26 in Pittsburgh. It was his best speech since his GOP convention address nearly three months earlier. He pledged to "confront the hard issues," if elected, and said he wouldn't "leave Social Security as an issue for others to solve." It's supposed to be "the third rail of American politics," he said, dangerous to politicians who touch it. "But if you don't touch it, you can't fix it." Rather than queasy or defensive on Social Security, Bush was resolute and hopeful. This approach encouraged Hutchinson. Maybe it will reassure the nation as well. ♦

"Win One for the Groper"?

Why Gore is right to be wary of Clinton's help.

BY TUCKER CARLSON

ASK A FEW prominent Democrats about the relationship between Al Gore and Bill Clinton and the word you're most likely to hear, probably more than once, is "psychodrama." According to those who know him, Gore has come to resent a lot of things about Clinton. He resents Clinton's lack of respect for him and for the vice presidency. He resents Clinton's secretive style. He resents the Monica business. He really resents Hillary.

Clinton, meanwhile, didn't always resent Gore, but he does now. Gore is losing the presidential race, and Clinton doesn't understand why he hasn't been called in to bail him out. The president feels rejected. His feelings are hurt.

Officially, the White House dismisses talk of a psychodrama. ("Psychobabble," a spokesman declared the other day.) But on background, virtually every Democratic strategist in Washington seems eager to point out that the "tormented," "touchy," "painful," "complicated" relationship between these two men has hurt Gore's election-year chances. They're probably right. But that doesn't mean that smart Democrats are taking Clinton's side in the spat.

Clinton appears to be under the impression that he could revive the Gore campaign simply by getting out on the road and making the case to the country that Al Gore will extend the glories of the past eight years. Even Clinton's friends aren't so sure this would work. "When they're not on the ballot presidents generally do more harm than good," says a close Clinton ally.

Clinton himself illustrated this in 1994. In late October of that year, Clinton returned to the United States after several days in the Middle East. The trip, which included the first visit in decades by an American president to Syria, was generally considered successful. Clinton's approval ratings were up. By the time he landed at Andrews Air Force Base, Clinton, looking like a statesman, was in an expansive mood. He declared himself "very optimistic" about the midterm elections and eager to start campaigning for Democrats. He spent the next week barnstorming the country. On the eighth day, the Republicans swept both houses of Congress.

Gore's advisers remember this. They also have polling data and analysis of focus groups that indicate many voters, particularly moderate suburbanites, would be less likely to vote for Gore if Clinton were to stump for him. Clinton partisans counter that Clinton's job is not to convince undecided voters, but to turn out the party's base, many of whom still admire the president.

Under some circumstances this would make sense. Sustained campaigning by Clinton could make a difference in a gubernatorial or Senate race. But his relationship to Gore, his own vice president, makes the present situation different. And how can Clinton narrow-cast on the campaign trail? Clinton might set out to reach only voters who already approve of him, but his presence inevitably would be noticed by voters who don't.

Which is the fundamental problem

Tucker Carlsonn is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with having Clinton on your side during a close election: For all his talents, he remains an embarrassing figure. Any appearances Clinton makes on Gore's behalf are apt to be awkward. "What would the theme of the trip be?" asks Brian Lunde, a longtime Democratic consultant who has endorsed Bush. "Go out and win one for the Groper?"

Clinton isn't the first politician to find himself wildly popular with certain constituencies and despised by others. "Ted Kennedy had the same problem when I worked for him," says a Democratic political operative. "In election years, he'd tell our colleagues from the South, 'I'll campaign for or against you, whichever does more good.'" Kennedy, says his former employee, understood how voters perceived him. "And he dealt with it in an adult fashion." Clinton can't, or won't, do this. From the point of view of Gore's advisers, Clinton is intent on forcing himself on the campaign, whether it helps or not.

There is, of course, a middle way. Clinton could stay home and help direct Gore's campaign privately. This sounds like a pretty good idea. Except that it's not clear Clinton, for all his famed campaign savvy, would make a particularly effective consultant. Clinton's political judgment can be terrible. It was Clinton who, over the objections of advisers Bob Shrum and Paul Begala, insisted on delivering his disastrously belligerent August 17, 1998, speech to the nation during the Monica Lewinsky scandal. More recently, it was Clinton who advised strategists in Nashville to make Gore watch the devastating *Saturday Night Live* parody of his performance in the first debate. Not surprisingly, Gore was spooked by the tape, and stumbled badly in the second debate.

Clinton is a problem for Gore. But that doesn't mean Gore ought to pretend they never worked together. You'd assume that every Gore speech—whether about the economy or foreign policy or the space program—would revolve around a single talking point: "During the eight years I've been vice president, America has become far more prosperous than it was." This is a simple argument. It would be effective. It is even, technically speaking, true. For some reason Gore rarely makes it.

Gore watchers attribute this, too, to the psychodrama. Gore can't stand to be reminded of Clinton, even when talking about Clintonism would help him. "He wants to win as his 'own man,'" says one Democratic strategist. "Why not just win?"

Bill Nelson

The irony in all this, as a number of Democrats watching from the sidelines point out, is that in trying to run as his own man, Gore has often turned the conversation back to Clinton. Gore's announcement speech last June, for instance, was almost entirely overshadowed by Gore's own efforts to distance himself from Clinton's marital problems. "They actually called reporters about it," growls someone who watched it happen. "Gore's message became: 'Let me talk to you about how I've decided I'm against adultery.'"

The other problem with Gore's reluctance to talk about his role in the Clinton administration is that it leaves him little to talk about. For months, Gore devoted a large portion of his stump speech to his biography. This was a calculated attempt to "reintroduce" himself to voters. But the person who Gore reintroduced wasn't very impressive. Gore didn't play up the highlights of his eight years as vice president, his work shaping welfare reform, or fighting for NAFTA. Instead, he prattled on about his years as reporter on a mediocre regional newspaper. He sounded phonier than ever.

He still sounds that way. Except weirder. Gore seems to have decided that instead of talking about his career as vice president, he will talk about his personal life—the experience of being "his own man." As the election looms closer, Gore talks about his Own Man-ness in more and more detail. The stories become less convincing the more detailed they get.

Last week, Gore gave an interview to Queen Latifah, a former rap singer who has gone into the talk show business. Latifah asked Gore if he had ever "worn leather pants." No, Gore said. But he did once have a leather vest. He wore it when he rode his motorcycle. And boy, did he ride his motorcycle. One time in Boston, Gore said, he put three people on the back of it. Apparently that didn't sit well with the local fuzz. "There was a blue light, and I can't say for sure that they were coming after us. Just on the off chance that they were we cut through an alleyway." The cops blew past. Gore lived to cruise the boulevard another day. "I look back on those days and I feel like I'm very lucky to have survived." Al Gore as Marlon Brando? He'd be better off defending Clinton. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Wynn-Wynn Situation

It may be the most ludicrous congressional race in America. BY MATT LABASH

New Carrollton, Maryland

JOHN KIMBLE, a white Republican running for Congress against black incumbent Democrat Albert Wynn in Maryland's Prince George's County, did not initially envision making interracial adultery the flagship issue of his campaign. Like any perennial candidate, Kimble has plenty of other issues. He espouses a $500-per-year tax deduction for pets, because they "help children not be so lonely." A part-time inventor, Kimble advocates handgun control through the use of his own "Intelli-Gun technology"—a sort of Lojack for guns. Most important, he wants to shut down "houses of prostitution" within a half-mile radius of schools, forcing them to relocate in industrial zones.

But Kimble recognized a good thing when Dame Fortune brought Jessie Wynn into his life. Estranged wife of the candidate who steamrolled him in the last two elections, Jessie is now "chairwoman" of Kimble's campaign.

And lately, some 90,000 voters in this 58 percent black district in the Maryland suburbs of Washington, D.C., have been treated to telephone calls from Jessie's recorded voice warning: "Albert Wynn does not respect black women. He left me for a white woman. Please send your donations to Kimble for Congress." Kimble has made available on his website four of Jessie's recorded messages (sometimes augmented by pathos-enhancing Celine Dion background music) in which Jessie further relates how Wynn abandoned her and their 6-year-old daughter ("I'm at my mother's and have nowhere to go"), and how he carted off the "bed we slept in."

It's not every day that the election gods smile on political reporters, granting them a reprieve from prescription-drug-plan minutiae to cover a race where a wife commits herself to the political annihilation of her husband. So what would normally be a sleepy, walkover contest for a four-term incumbent (accustomed to winning 85 percent of the vote) has become sideshow fodder for everyone from the *Washington Post* to Comedy Central. Start with the voluminous court file on the Wynns' pending divorce.

The thrice-married congressman kicked off the festivities, filing for divorce in June 1999, seven months after he allegedly left Jessie for a white woman. From there, all hell was unleashed. Jessie, a stay-at-home mother, claims Wynn failed to pay the $1,630 mortgage, and initially contributed a paltry $700 a month in support, though he makes $11,390 monthly. Wynn claims Jessie's filing bankruptcy was pure "theatrics." Jessie claims that Wynn's U-Haul truck left her with only eight possessions (two pictures, a disabled automobile, an end table, etc.). Additionally, Jessie—who clearly gets the best of the exchange—claims she is in need of food stamps, was driven into therapy, and was humiliated by not being permitted to ride in Wynn's car, though he liberally shuttled his paramour around in public. Wynn's lawyer, Allen Kruger, ranking this fissure a 9.95 on a 10-point scale of acrimonious divorces, says references to the race of "the Plaintiff's friend" are "the height of racism." He further criticizes Jessie for working for Wynn's opponent, whose victory would leave Wynn "unemployed and unable to pay support."

On October 18, Wynn was given some relief, gaining expanded custody, while the judge opined there was no evidence Wynn abused drugs, struck his wife, or sexually abused their child (allegations bandied by both Jessie and Kimble, though Wynn passed his court-appointed drug test). Still, in his latest filing, Jessie's attorney, Stephen Armstrong, allows the possibility that the "father exposed himself to the child," maintains that Jessie caught Wynn "freebasing with cocaine," and that the child told Jessie after visiting her father, "Daddy is going to kill you."

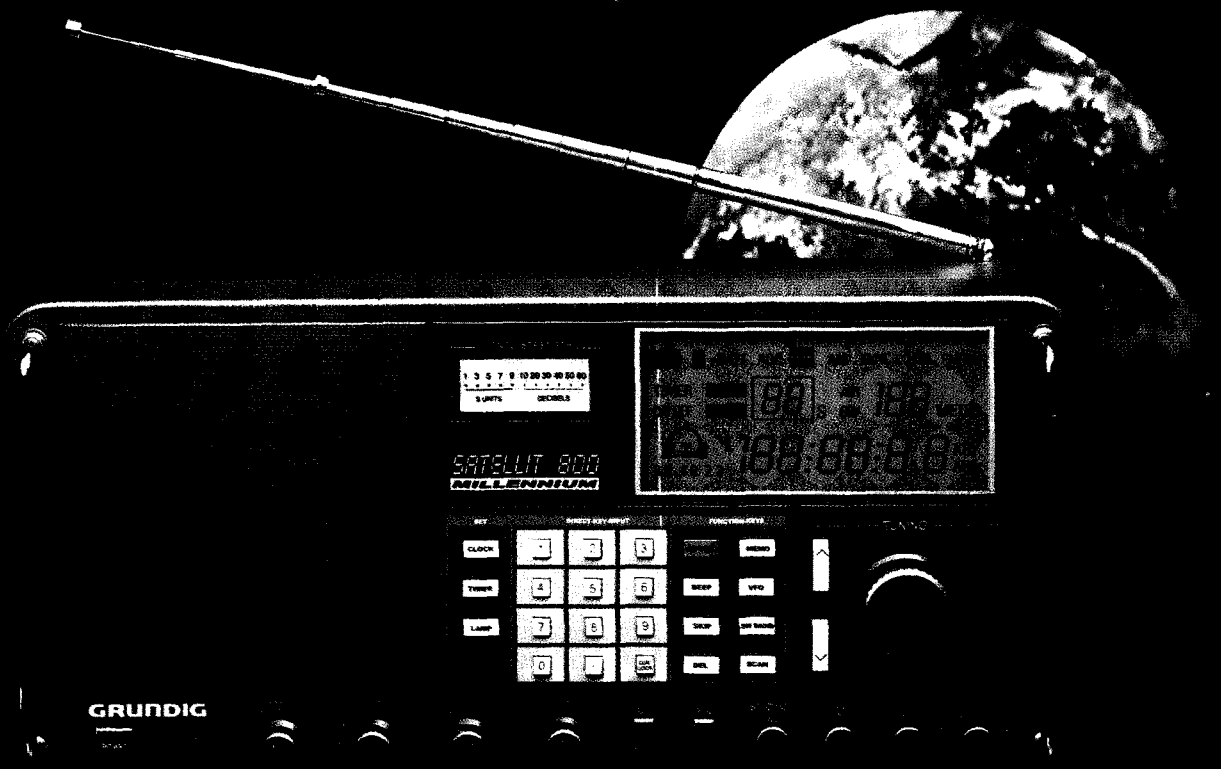
While Wynn has suggested the judge "clearly repudiated" such "wild allegations," he's been noticeably silent on the matter of the paramour. When I called the P.G. county public schoolteacher commonly known as "the white woman," she abruptly hung up the phone. Calls to both Wynn's campaign and his congressional office went unreturned. And Wynn's attorney says of the alleged mistress, "She's a friend. I'm not going to say she's *just* a friend. . . . She's really not a subject I'm at liberty to talk to you about."

The allegation seems to have Wynn on the run (if a candidate could be considered on the run whose opponent has raised under $5,000 and is still, according to *Campaigns & Elections*, a 15-1 long shot). Wynn recently skipped out of a Maryland Public Television debate with Kimble, and his October campaign schedule lists only four events, including a pharmacy ribbon-cutting and a haunted house visitation. Such bashfulness is largely due to all the free media Kimble is generating; as he's proven in the past, he's not averse to stunt publicity. Shunned by state Republicans for his out-of-step pronouncements (he's advocated a 10-year moratorium on immigration and once said he was seeking office because the "salary is

Matt Labash is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BEST ON THE PLANET!



SATELLIT 800 MILLENNIUM

The ultimate in digital technology

THE WAIT IS OVER. THE MILLENNIUM BEGINS, THE LEGEND CONTINUES.
The ultimate in features, performance and sound, the Satellit 800 Millennium AM/FM/Shortwave receiver brings you the world! You'll find it a breeze to operate. Hear broadcasts from every corner of the globe: London, Beijing, Tokyo, Moscow... Hear the legendary Grundig sound on AM and FM-stereo (with the included high quality headphones)... Hear worldwide shortwave two-way communications with its SSB circuitry... And just for fun, listen to aircraft at your local airport on the VHF 118-136 MHz aircraft band. From its massive, easy-to-read, fully illuminated 3" × 6" Liquid Crystal Display, elegant traditional analog signal strength meter, modern PLL circuit design, to the silky smooth tuning knob, the Satellit 800 defines the Grundig tradition. Includes a 110V AC adapter (a 220V AC adapter is available upon request). Operates on 6 "D" cells (not included). Measures 20.5" × 9.4" × 8". For information on all Grundig radios, visit our web site: *www.grundigradio.com*

GRUNDIG

The Grundig Satellit 800 Millennium
FM Stereo / AM / Worldwide Shortwave
To order, CALL TOLL-FREE:
1-800-793-6542, Ext. 85W

Please send _____ Grundig Satellit 800 Millennium Radio(s)
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover ☐ American Express
The Satellit 800 Millennium is only $499.95 (plus $25 shipping and handling and tax, if applicable*), payable in six monthly credit card installments of $87.49. To order by mail, send credit card number and expiration date or check or money order for $524.95, plus tax, if applicable*, to:
Grundig Direct, 3520 Haven Ave., Unit L
Redwood City, CA 94063
*CA orders add 8.25% sales tax. Canadian residents add 7% GST. Payment in US$. Credit cards: applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment. Allow 4-6 weeks for shipment.
Fax 1-650-361-1724 – Email: *grundig@ix.netcom.com*

Credit Card No. _____ (please print clearly) _____ Expiration Date _____
Name _____
Street address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Signature _____
Daytime phone ( ) _____
We ship via United Parcel Service
Grundig Direct, 3520 Haven Ave., Unit L, Redwood City, CA 94063

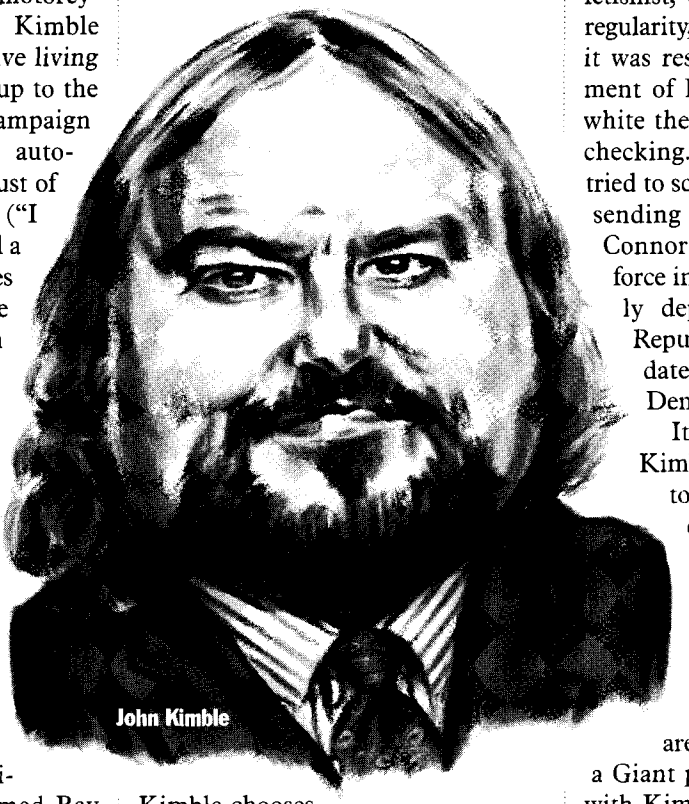
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good"), Kimble, during his 1996 run for Congress, offered to pose nude for *Playgirl* after he'd lost weight, bought an ab-roller, and realized that his body was "a Cadillac, not a Volkswagen."

I catch up with Kimble at his no-frills split-level home, shared with four cats and a mangy Corgi, located in a semi-dicey area of P.G. County where Kimble says you can buy anything from "ass to grass." Sporting an Angel Gabriel haircut and motorcycle-tough facial shrubbery, Kimble escorts me past his impressive living room cookie-jar collection, up to the war room—a one-man campaign operation that features an auto-dialer, an American flag, a bust of some classical Greek figure ("I used to know who it is"), and a computer where Kimble does most of his damage. As he shows me the latest addition to his website, he gleefully rolls up the sleeves of his dress shirt, baring two wolf tattoos on opposing forearms. (A self-described animal behaviorist who also claims to do covert surveillance for the government, Kimble is currently at work on a novel called *The Wolf Prince*—"a *Lion King* type thing.")

Kimble is juiced after recently receiving a mysterious tip from some guy named Ray who said he possessed a videotape of Wynn doing drugs. Since Ray failed to leave his number, Kimble has just posted a notice that he'll buy the tape. The notice appears right under the $5,000 reward he's offering for information leading to the arrest and conviction of Albert Wynn for felony drug and sex abuse charges. Kimble admits this is a fishing expedition, but he's no fool. He knows where his bread is buttered—with white women. So we are off to the farthest reaches of what Kimble already calls "my district" in his Ford Aerostar van, strewn with Whiskas Ground Kitty's Stew cans and campaign signs. The campaign signs are of two types. One simply says "Kimble For Congress." The other says "Wynn Left Black Woman For White"—also the theme of a van-length banner he often strings up when Jessie goes along on campaign outings, as she did during a crab feast at P.G. Community College.

Though Prince George's is the most affluent black suburb in the country, large pockets of it still represent Canaan only to liquor store owners and Keno players. This is where Kimble chooses to evangelize. Holding his anti-Wynn sign in front of Landover Mall, Kimble takes a run at a black woman who shoots a suspicious glance. "Y'all vote?" he inquires. "No," she says sternly, wheeling away. "We have a lot of frosty people in District Four," he explains.


John Kimble

Kimble strikes out several more times with his Al Wynn/white woman pitch, until he interests a black passer-by named Robert, sipping lemonade and eating french fries. "Al Wynn left his black wife for a white woman," Kimble informs him, "You gotta vote for me." "All right," replies a resigned Robert. "Don't you think that's a good issue?" Kimble asks, not waiting for an answer. "You don't want to get the sisters mad at you. You ever had a sister mad at you?" "All the time," Robert winces. Robert assures Kimble he'll vote for him, then spoils the good news by admitting he lives in Laurel, outside Kimble's district.

Kimble's attack pageant is enough to make one pity Wynn for getting so mercilessly demagogued on the race issue—or it would be, if Wynn didn't so frequently do the same. A quotas fetishist, Wynn cries racism with great regularity, at one point even implying it was responsible for the impeachment of Bill Clinton, who was still white the last time anyone bothered checking. Likewise, in 1998, Wynn tried to scare black voters to the polls, sending out mailers depicting Bull Connor's baton-wielding police force in a statewide effort to unfairly depict Ellen Sauerbrey, the Republican gubernatorial candidate, as a racist (several black Democrats dissented).

It's an irony that's not lost on Kimble, who, in a naked pander to P.G.'s burgeoning Hispanic electorate, says that pan-partisan, post-Gingrich Republicans have lost "their cojones," failing to go on the attack when warranted. It's unclear, however, whether Kimble's tactics are working. As we post up in a Giant parking lot in Bladensburg with Kimble displaying his sign, one agitated woman demands our phone number, while another breaks into giggles as Kimble awkwardly incorporates dated Afro-centric expressions like "perpetratin'." Most others dash straight for the automatic doors, their coupons flapping, as they skirt gutter politics to take advantage of Giant's everyday low prices.

All this rejection makes Kimble reflective. "I hate to hurt people," he says. In fact, Kimble might yet make an ideal 21st-century Republican. He says if his opponent wasn't such a "dirtbag," he'd simply campaign on the issues. After all, children need pets, and whorehouses need relocating. ♦

Illustration by Jay Lincoln

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next Year in Jerusalem?

No Greater Israel; no New Middle East. What's next? BY TOM ROSE

Jerusalem

THE EVENTS of the past few weeks have forced Israelis to jettison fantasies of a "New Middle East" characterized by regional integration, open markets, the free movement of people, and, most important, peace and security. Instead, they face the depressing task of recalibrating their national compass to reflect reality: Israel remains trapped in a dangerous, violent, and rejectionist Middle East.

Yet, as desperate as the present condition seems in the life of this still largely unformed nation, it could be the harbinger of a new beginning. For the first time since the state of Israel was reestablished in 1948, there is no abiding or even ascendant ideology that guides her. The past month's organized and violent assault against Israel has destroyed the last operating political idea to prevail in these parts: that a settlement could be reached with the Palestinians, and that this peace would usher in prosperity and stability.

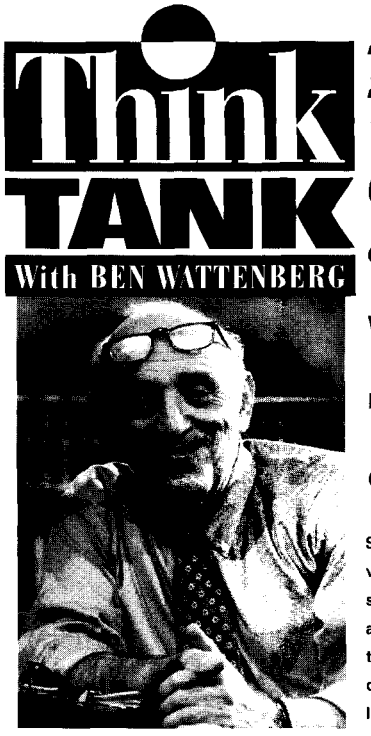
The state of Israel was the product of a political movement whose objective was to restore the Jewish people to its ancient homeland, sovereign and free. The founders of modern political Zionism formed this revolutionary movement as a practical solution to a very material problem: The Jewish people's statelessness subjected them to persecutions and dangers they were helpless to combat. If a homeland could be fashioned, early Zionists argued, the Jewish people could be saved from disaster and even restored to national greatness.

Like most things Jewish, Zionism long ago underwent its almost preordained schism. One wing went right, while the other stayed left. The two camps, with their evolving values and political programs, have taken turns running Israel ever since the country was established. Yet at bottom, it was the initial Zionist vision that legitimized all the subsequent iterations of the Jews' claim to sovereignty and power.

Israel's first generation was too busy staving off physical destruction while developing the institutions of statehood to worry about much else. The Six Day War changed that in 1967. Israel emerged from its victory tripled in size—in possession at last of the Jews' ancient and sacred capital of Jerusalem and the lands of biblical Israel, along with the Golan Heights and Sinai Desert. Israelis could suddenly afford to dream.

The two surviving wings of modern Zionism have spent the last 30 years developing and trying to implement their contrasting visions of modern Israel. For a decade after 1967, the socialist Labor party held political power, but the conservative religious Zionist movement made headway on the ground. It held that Jewish settlement of all of the ancient Land of Israel—notably the newly captured territories—would presage the in-gathering of the exiles and the subsequent redemption of man. Security hawks jumped aboard, not because they shared the movement's religious views but because they believed that holding the 1967 territories was essential as a bulwark against Arab invasions. The settler movement, spawned in the very first days after the Six Day War and later dubbed "Greater Israel," grew for more than a decade and finally saw

Tom Rose is publisher of the Jerusalem Post.



This Week On Think Tank:

Capitalism and Culture

WASHINGTON	WETA	Nov. 4	1:30pm
NEW YORK	WNET	Nov. 4	9:00am
CHICAGO	WYCC	Nov. 2	10:30pm

Support for Think Tank is provided by the Smith Richardson Foundation, the Lynde and Harry Bradley foundation, the John M. Olin Foundation, and the Bernard & Irene Schwartz Foundation.

PBS

THE PBS PROGRAM ON IDEAS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political triumph with the election of Menachem Begin in 1977. But by the early 1980s, it was starting to decline.

While conservative Zionists were executing the vision of Jewish settlement, Israel's socialist Left was patiently chipping away at Greater Israel's ideological preeminence. The Left argued that the only true way to fulfill Jewish destiny was to relinquish the lands conquered in 1967 in exchange for a comprehensive regional peace. By the early 1990s, the Israeli public was tired of spending money on infrastructure in the territories, and of enduring casualties and world opprobrium in the face of the intifada. Israel's attendance at the 1991 Madrid Peace Conference under the leadership of a Likud government, followed by Benjamin Netanyahu's acceptance of the principle of land for peace after his election in 1996, were the final nails in the coffin of Greater Israel. That version of the Zionist dream was dead.

It was the Left's turn. Their post-Zionist Zionism championed the view that Israel's historic conflict with the Arab world in general, and the Palestinians in particular, resulted less from the Arabs' rejection of Israel's right to exist than from Israel's military occupation of Arab land. Ending the occupation, they reasoned, would not only end the conflict, it would usher in a period of peace, prosperity, and security for Israel unprecedented in the 4,000 year history of the Jewish people. This vision held sway under Rabin, Peres, and Barak.

As recently as this past September, Shimon Peres was proclaiming the dawn of a "New Middle East," where Israel no longer needed to worry about its borders, could replace its outmoded and offensive national Jewish characteristics, and should ready its application to join the Arab League. A new state of Palestine would take good care of Jewish holy sites under its jurisdiction and would afford full rights to Jews who chose to live there.

Today, both visions are in ruins. While it took the better part of two decades for Israel's peace camp to extinguish the political viability of Greater Israel, it took only two weeks for Yasser Arafat to decimate the hopes of the peace camp. Arafat's war revealed that the Left's success had been almost exclusively internal: The only hearts and minds the peaceniks had changed were Israeli.

Now, without any fresh political visions on offer, Israelis are groping. Their country is in a state of national depression aggravated by ideological vertigo. Only one imperative is obvious: the painful necessity of preparing for more sacrifice. After that fact, what?

Just as the 1960s taught Americans the limits of government, Arafat's war has taught Israelis the limits of Zionist messianism. The core operating premise of modern political Zionism, Theodore Herzl's famous motto

You **can** take it with you.

Before moving, please call 1-800-274-7293 to assure that there are no interruptions in your subscription to THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

the weekly Standard

THE SHALEM GRADUATE FELLOWSHIPS

Jerusalem, Israel 2001-2002

Join a select group of international students pursuing independent research in diverse areas of Jewish national life.

Program includes weekly seminars, occasional symposiums and workshops. Areas of research include: Zionist theory and history, Jewish social thought and religion, law, economy, political philosophy, Israeli foreign policy, Israeli culture and cultural institutions, and other relevant topics.

Grants are $15,000 and cover the period from September 1, 2001 to August 31, 2002.

Applications are welcomed from candidates with a BA or higher in humanities or social sciences. Graduating students are invited to apply. Application deadline: February 1, 2001.

For further information or an application, please contact:
The Shalem Center, 22A Hatzfira St., Jerusalem, Israel Tel. (02) 566-0601
E-mail: fellowship@shalem.org.il Website: http://www.shalem.org.il

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If you will it, it is no dream," has been shown to have its limits. Just because some Israelis are desperate to live in peace does not mean they can. Just because some Israelis thought their biblical obligation to settle all the land of Israel was more powerful than the forces that opposed them didn't mean it was.

Now, chastened, adjusting their sights to newly understood limits, Israelis must attempt something new. They must recast their ambitions to accomplish the real instead of striving after the illusive. Freed from the burden of grandiose visions and horizon-stretching dreams, Israelis have been given the chance to refocus their energies on taking tangible steps to improve themselves and their country.

Comprising Jews from more than 80 countries, speaking more than 150 languages, Israeli society is still in its formative stage. Israel's political, social, and religious systems have so far been more accommodating of division than conducive to unity. But now Israelis have an impetus to think about how to build themselves up by working together. The current moment of ideological confusion could lead to efforts to encourage civil behavior, to limit the role of a corrosive public sector, to expand individual rights, and to foster a Judaism at once strong and tolerant. Perhaps Israelis can begin to lay the groundwork for a more modest yet profound Zionism.

The overriding responsibility of Israel's next government must be the defense of its territory and citizens against a hostile and increasingly militant enemy. Israelis therefore must once again ready themselves for struggle and sacrifice. But beyond mere survival, Israel needs a reconstructed Zionism born of hope for the future, pride in the past, and acceptance of the present. While Ehud Barak's days as prime minister are numbered, the question of who and what should replace him remains unanswered. Elections can be won without guiding visions. Futures can't be built without them. ◆

Tricky Dickey

Jay Dickey voted to impeach Arkansas's favorite son. Will he survive? BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

Murfreesboro, Arkansas

CONGRESSMAN Jay Dickey, who represents the south Arkansas district where Bill Clinton grew up, thinks the president is out to get him. Dickey voted for impeachment despite what he calls "White House threats," numerous warnings of a vigorous campaign to unseat him in this election. "You won't tear me away from my conscience," Dickey responded on his website, even though "you may tear me away from my constituents." Clinton and the Democratic party would like to do just that.

Stephen F. Hayes last wrote for THE WEEKLY STANDARD *about the congressional race in Florida's Third District.*

"That's why Jay's having to dig so much," says James D. Smith on a recent Saturday in Murfreesboro where Dickey is addressing about 50 supporters in front of the Pike County courthouse. Smith, who is wearing a blue worksuit smeared with what appears to be blood, says he has taken time off from his job as a meat processor to be here. He worries that the president's work on behalf of Dickey's challenger may prove decisive. "That sucker's coming after him."

"That sucker" was recently the star attraction at a lucrative fund-raiser for

This Year's Top Corporate Gift!

A spyglass in the great naval tradition...

Adm. Nelson's Telescope™

(with table-top tripod) just $59.95*

***But read this ad for an even better deal!**

When Horatio Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar, he used a telescope just like this to monitor the movements of the French-Spanish fleet. Our manufacturer has created a faithful replica of this famous scope. *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™* measures about five inches in its "collapsed" position. When you extend the four sections to full length, the scope will be thirteen inches long and focused to infinity with needle sharpness. Everything will appear twenty-five times larger than it would to the naked eye. Compare that to standard binoculars which give you only 6x or 8x magnification.

The most amazing thing about *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™* may well be its price. We are the exclusive importers of this outstanding optical instrument and are able therefore to bring it to you for just $59.95. **But we have an even better deal:** ***Buy two for $119.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!*** If you have ever wanted to own a fine telescope, but found prices a little steep, *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™* should be your choice. You'll get many years of good use and enjoyment from it.

• *The optics of* Admiral Nelson's Telescope™ *are "25x30" which means 25x magnification and the great light-gathering capacity of a 30mm objective lens. Admiral Nelson's telescope was made of brass. This replica is heavily chrome-plated for extra beauty and protection. The scope comes with a belt-looped vinyl carrying case. For permanent mounting the scope comes with an extendible table-top tripod.*

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. OR FAX YOUR ORDER TO: (415) 643-2818

For customer service, please call (415) 643-2810.

Please give order #1069F838. for *Admiral Nelson's Telescope™*. Give Visa/MC number and expiration date and daytime phone # for all orders. Add $4.95 for one, $9.90 for three for ship./ins. (plus sales tax for California delivery). You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

Admiral Nelson's Telescope™ is the outstanding corporate gift of the year. We can apply your logo in quantities of 100 or more. Call Chris Simpson at (415) 643-2810 for more information!

since 1967

haverhills®

2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

© Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or (fastest!) by fax: (415) 643-2818 ©
Visit our website at www.haverhills.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state senator Mike Ross, Dickey's Democratic challenger, at the Washington, D.C., home of former Clinton chief of staff Mack McLarty (also a onetime resident of Arkansas's Fourth District). The president was scheduled to attend a second fund-raiser when violence erupted in the Middle East. Clinton nevertheless found time while making telephone calls to Arafat and others to place a call for Ross.

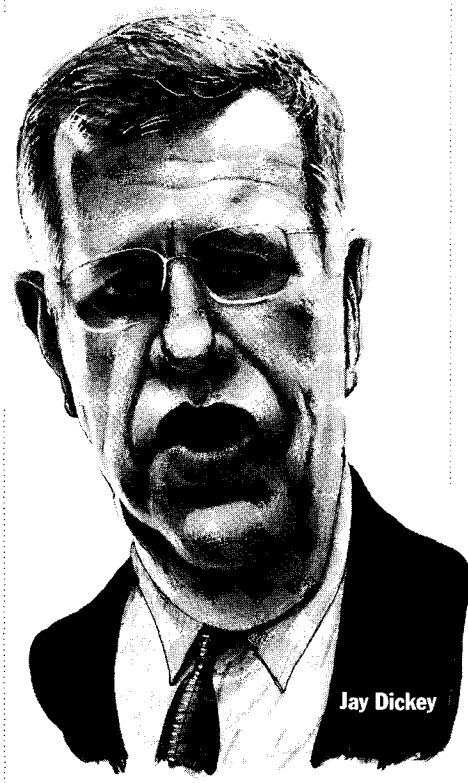
"I just know that if Mike Ross gets enough financial support to be able to compete with this avalanche of special interest money that's being spent against him," Clinton said by phone, "the voters in south Arkansas will vote for him." Thanking him for his support, Ross told the president, "We're going to win it for you." The latest polls show the race is dead even. But it is an unusual race, says Ross. The Fourth District, he says, is the most Democratic district in which a Republican is running for reelection.

Gary Johnson, who happens to live in the small Hope, Arkansas, house at 321 E. 13th Street that was Clinton's childhood home, makes a similar point. Asked why he supports Ross, Johnson says, "I don't, to be honest, I don't exactly know where he is on all the issues. This is a highly Democratic area and people have traditionally always voted for Democrats."

This, obviously, is a problem for Dickey. Since taking office in 1992, he has won crossover support from many soft Democrats, a task made easier by a string of relatively weak challengers. Ross, though, is not weak. Folksy and articulate, he speaks easily and intelligently on a wide range of issues. He is a moderate Democrat whose positions seem to be a good fit for this district.

Ross makes standard Democratic arguments on issues such as prescription drugs, Social Security, and school choice. And he is relying heavily on labor support to stay competitive. Yet he has received an A+ rating from the National Rifle Association. And though he is pro-choice, he favors parental notification and opposes federal funding of abortions and would vote to ban partial-birth abortion.

Dickey, for his part, is focusing on pork and his own ability to deliver it as a member of the Appropriations Committee. "I say to the members . . . 'We don't want what's fair, we want what we can get,'" he boasts to the crowd circled around him in Murfreesboro. "I'm in the room when they start printin' the money. It's a lot easier to put in at that stage than it is later on." After ticking off a long list of federally funded projects he won this term, Dickey smiles and promises


Jay Dickey

more. "I'll say like Ronald Reagan said, 'Ya ain't seen nothin' yet.'"

That evening, Dickey is one of three featured speakers at the dedication of a new football stadium at the University of Arkansas-Pine Bluff. Dickey raised nearly $1.3 million in private gifts for the undertaking. He has gotten $7.5 million in federal dollars for other projects at this historically black school, but the stadium was built without any federal money.

According to challenger Mike Ross, that is a problem. "He didn't get one dime in federal funds for this stadium," Ross says, standing just feet away from Dickey in the chancellor's skybox. "And I voted for the bill [in the state Senate] that helped fund this stadium." Dickey bristles when told about Ross's comments. "That sorta shows that he doesn't know anything about legislation and the Appropriations Committee."

Local Democrats are mindful of the fact that, aside from raising money, Clinton could help Ross by reaching out to black voters like the ones at the football game. "If he walked in here right now, they'd go nuts," says Shane Broadway, the Democratic speaker-designate of the Arkansas State House. "They love him."

Dickey may be vulnerable on this score. He raised eyebrows last winter when black farmers from his district implored him to expedite payments from a discrimination settlement they had won from the Department of Agriculture. Dickey, known for his candor, told the group it was unlikely Republicans would help them since the group had worked against Dickey in past elections. "They'll say, 'You want us to take away from projects that serve our base, and give it to people who not only don't vote for you but who work for your defeat?'" he said to a local reporter. "It's a miracle I can get anything done for them."

The farmers were outraged. Dickey tried to save face by introducing a resolution calling for accelerated payments. The resolution failed, largely because of the unanimous opposition of the Congressional Black Caucus, looking to rip Dickey for the flip-flop. The local chapter of the Black Farmers and Agriculturalists Association ended up endorsing Dickey, but the national organization supports Ross.

Dickey sees himself as something of a victim, and argues that many of his black constituents will not look past his party affiliation. "What I'm fighting is political profiling, even among friends from before I was elected," says Dickey. "It's like some cylinders are missing."

Unfortunately for Dickey, there may be just enough time for Clinton to make good on those "White House threats." Late last week, several newspapers reported Clinton would be on the road stumping for Democrats in key states, including Arkansas. ♦

Illustration by Earl Keleny

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ADVERTISEMENT

"The Cherry Trees"

"You wanted to see me?" asked the infamous and legendary world class liar, Baron Munchausen.

"Yes, Baron," replied the President, speaking for himself and the Vice President standing by his side.

"Why?"

"Speaking for us both," the Vice President said, "we need a good lie, a whopper!"

"That's nothing. Everyone knows you both can't tell the truth. Sure, I'll help you," the Baron promised. "What do you have in mind?"

Continued the President, "I'm concerned about my legacy. The Vice President has an election battle to win."

"So?"

"You know, of course. George Washington couldn't tell a lie. He told the truth when he chopped down only one cherry tree," the President told him.

"Yeah, I know," the Baron responded.

"We've got a bunch of cherry trees here in Washington as everybody knows," the Vice President said. "Chopping down a single tree is one thing. Chopping down a whole bunch is quite something else. We make George Washington look like a piker, you might say."

"Wow!" Exclaimed the Baron. "That's big stuff! Here's what we do."

"Tell."

"There's an International Forestry Convention going on in Washington right now. The famous Lumber Jack is a personal friend of mine. He's no environmentalist. He'll chop those cherry trees down in a jiffy."

"Swell, great," enthused the other two.

One pitch-black night with no moon, the conspirators gathered where the rows of cherry trees blossomed in all their glory. The President handed Lumber Jack an axe. The Baron saw that Lumber Jack got right to it. Gone went every cherry tree. The place looked like a battlefield. The tree trunks looked like dead bodies, the stumps so many more mangled victims. It was horrible.

With dawn, the awful truth had circled the globe. National and international media were entirely devoted to the carnage. Who was or were the culprit or culprits?

By early afternoon, the President and Vice President held a mass media press conference in the White House rose garden. The place was jam-packed.

First, a dead silence, then the President spoke. "The Vice President and I cannot tell a lie. We chopped down the cherry trees. George Washington chopped down only one. He didn't lie about it. We cut down a whole bunch of cherry trees. We, too, don't lie about it." The two culprits waited impatiently for a wave of comfort and forgiveness. It never came.

Suddenly, at the rear fringe of the huge crowd, the Baron shouted for attention. He was angry lest the President and Vice President walk off with all the notoriety and acclaim. "The President and Vice President are telling you all big lies!" he cried out. "I'm the Baron Munchausen, the world class liar of all liars and that's the truth! My pal, the famous Lumber Jack chopped down those cherry trees. He did it all alone. Those two lied. George Washington never did."

How did all this end? This way.

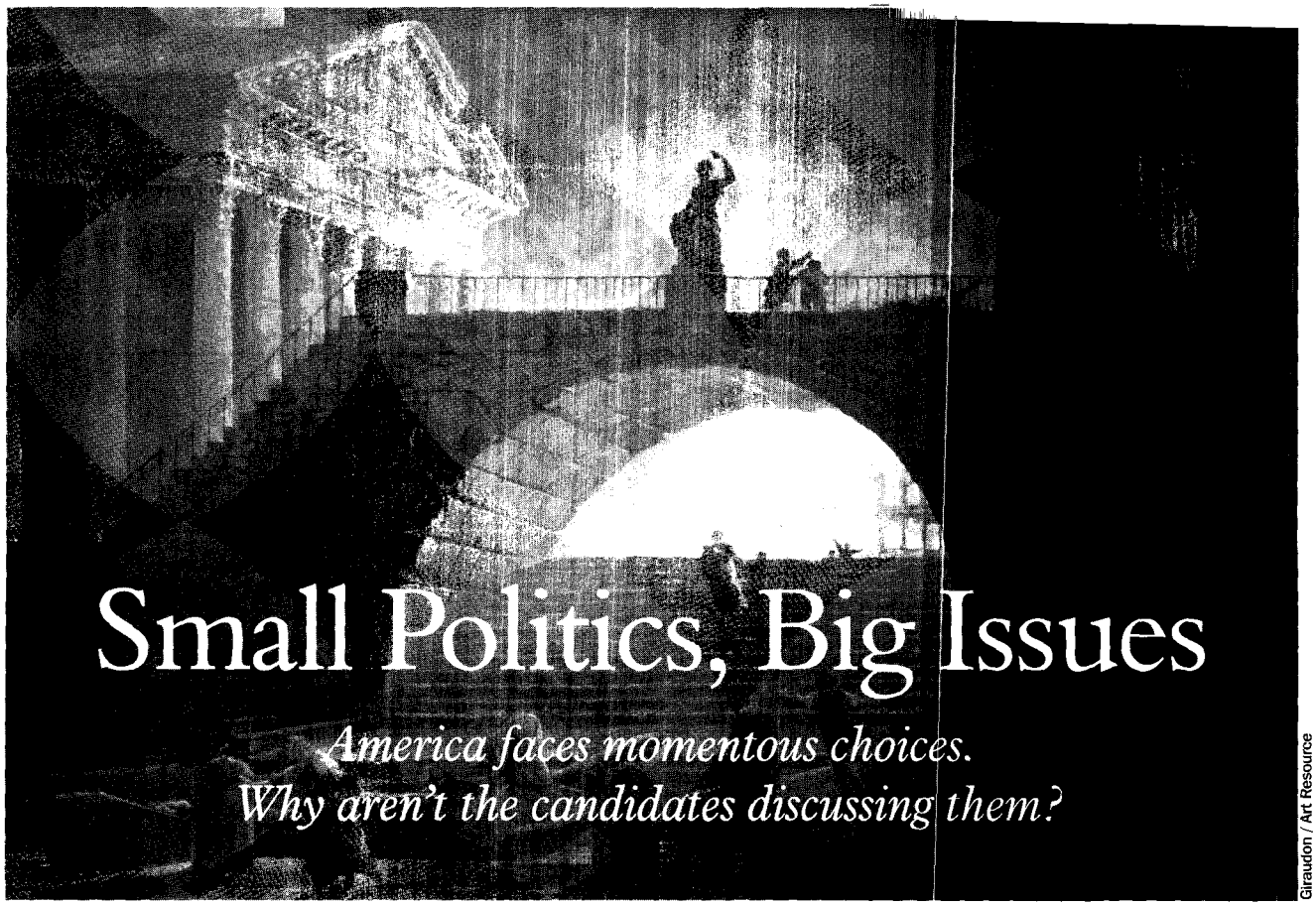
The wives of the President and Vice President confronted their two husbands in the Oval Office that very evening. Each held in her arms what resembled a floral arrangement.

The President's wife did the talking for herself and the Vice President's wife. "Well, boys," she began, "you sure blew it this time, you, your lies, your whoppers!" Addressing her husband, she fumed, "You went to the Yale Law School!" Turning to the Vice President, she yelled. "And you graduated from Harvard! Just a couple of Ivy Leaguers." At that precise moment, they both let fly their floral arrangements.

The ladies then turned and departed. A little later, if their cheeks looked a rosy red, it wasn't only from embarrassment and shame. It was mostly from the poison ivy.

EDWARD PATTERSON • 945 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, NY 10021

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Small Politics, Big Issues

America faces momentous choices. Why aren't the candidates discussing them?

Giraudon / Art Resource

By Eric Cohen

In a recent interview, Daniel Patrick Moynihan compared the United States of 2000 to Rome in its golden age, mere decades before its fall. "Enjoy what joy we have," said Moynihan, "and expect things to be worse." The comparison to Rome is apt: America, like Rome, is enjoying a festival of wealth; America, like Rome, is the only world power, spreading its culture and technology around the globe, sometimes for better, often for worse; and America, like Rome, risks the contraction of soul that comes with material ease—what Tocqueville called the reign of "petty desires" and Francis Fukuyama has latterly described as the triumph of the "Last Man"—a morally stunted individual, unconcerned, unaware, self-satisfied, and small.

For now, America's moral sentiments are not dead. We are still a compassionate people—even if our compassion is often little more than an extension of our self-love to others, a kind of narcissism for everybody. We are still moved by injustice—even if we reject shame and external judgment as affronts to our autonomy, and therefore devalue justice as a moral idea. But American compassion is unfocused and untested; and moral feeling alone cannot replace what Lincoln called "the sober quarry of reason" or what John McCain, in his failed presidential bid, called the "willingness to commit oneself to causes greater than self-interest."

Eric Cohen is managing editor of the Public Interest.

Just what these "great causes" are and what they would mean for everyday, affluent Americans remains unclear. The result has been an election about mostly "petty desires"—a battle, it often appears, of dueling insurance men arguing the details of their "plans," rather than would-be presidents who understand the moment in history they would help define. Both Vice President Gore and Governor Bush have articulated the need "to give prosperity a purpose," as Bush put it, to seek meaning beyond wealth. But neither has clarified the choices that lie ahead—between rival concepts of technological civilization and American power in the post-Cold War age, between American narcissism and American greatness, between an unchallenged ethic of autonomy and an ethic of self-restraint and self-sacrifice, between an unbridled genetic quest to liberate man from the perils of existence and the restoration of a commitment to reverence and virtue grounded in religion or philosophy.

Neither Bush nor Gore has even suggested to the nation—perhaps for fear of offending the sensitivities of Oprah Winfrey's America—that there may be dangers ahead. Al Gore may believe we are, as he wrote in his book, on the brink of a "civilizational crisis" because of our degradation of the environment—but this theme has taken a back seat in his campaign to a series of citizen-as-consumer policy proposals, such as releasing more oil from the strategic petroleum reserve. And Bush, the man of faith, has repeatedly shared his commitment to the golden rule—but he has retreated from actually trying to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

change the minds (or more likely, the feelings) of the nation on moral issues like abortion, preferring to say simply that "reasonable people disagree." And so, our political leaders, like the American public, shrink from hard judgments at the very moment for which American civilization will be ultimately judged.

The battle of trivialities does not imply that a Gore presidency and a Bush presidency would be indistinguishable. But the election does seem to demonstrate either an unwillingness or an inability to reflect seriously on the meaning of the differences between the candidates—the most obvious ones being over abortion, the Supreme Court, and the environment. Policy questions like paying down the national debt, cutting marginal tax rates, and creating a Social Security lockbox have their own importance, and it is the function of politics to deal with them. But they are not by themselves the substance of politics, if politics is to be about the reinvigoration of the American idea. The terms of the debates on these issues have been pragmatic: Which plan will work better? Which will give me more? Such debates are the privilege of those who live in gilded, seamless times—which, history teaches us, do not last forever. And when times change, we will need more than wonkish minds; we will require, instead, what the Greeks called "practical wisdom," the ability to see just ends and discern just means, which requires in turn a moral philosophy of the just civilization, the good society, and the good life.

But Americans as a whole have only a remote understanding of American civilization. The best and the brightest have no sense of American history. They neither love America nor know her well enough to criticize her wisely—a frightening prospect for a nation at the apex of its power in the world, and at a time when the blazing fire of American invention demands the leadership of statesmen.

What are the ideological and moral questions of our times? What are the rival concepts of civilization? What would a reformation of American politics and a reinvigoration of the American idea look like? What are the dangers ahead? And does America—do its leaders, its people, its culture, its politics—have the wisdom and spiritedness to deal with them?

These big challenges arise in the context of two events, whose significance we are far from having fathomed: the American victory in the Cold War and the technological revolution, notably in genetics and biotechnology, that is only just beginning.

It is routinely said that "we are all capitalists now." To the extent that this is true, it means that mainstream America is pro-prosperity. There is a new consensus holding that wealth is good, that wealth-creation is not the product of any single ethic, and that technology, trade, and entrepreneurship are the keys to wealth. Democrats are still more willing to use government—and therefore to restrict business—for certain social ends. But no one in the mainstream of American politics—or in liberal democracies around the world—now believes that government control of the economy is more effective than free enterprise at creating wealth. This has, of course, not always been the case; and it is only the American triumph in the Cold War that has killed the appeal of central control of the economy. Today, those who would expand government regulation or social programs want to do so not to direct economic growth but to promote social ends—such as saving the environment, protecting civil rights, or using the welfare state to help the poor.

Modern Republicans, of course, have always been pro-business and pro-enterprise. Throughout the Cold War, conservatives embraced capitalism—some more enthusiastically than others—as the moral alternative to the totalitarian state and as the key to creating the necessary wealth and power to defeat the Soviet Union. But in the aftermath of the Cold War and with the revolutionary emergence of techno-capitalism, conservatives may need to reconsider the meaning of capitalism and the nature of their capitalist sympathies. Does capitalism necessarily promote the dignity and spirit of the free man? Does the marketplace, for all the self-discipline and ingenuity it requires and rewards, necessarily promote virtue? Daniel Bell argued long ago that capitalism's success undermines its virtues—that generations born to wealth would revolt against the bourgeois ethic that made wealth possible. But what is happening today seems to be something quite different. The prodigal Generation X has embraced capitalism, hard work, ambition, and technological brilliance while rejecting the bourgeois ethic as a general guide to life. Gen-Xers have remade capitalism and society in accordance with the moral idea of liberation. And so it is not a generational rejection of capitalism that should concern us, but rather the strange fruits and new spirit of capitalism itself.

Consider just one example, the recent collapse of Eli Lilly's stock value when the pharmaceutical giant lost exclusive rights to the anti-depressant Prozac. What happens, we must ask, when wealth depends on the expanding use ("market share") of a drug which many conservatives believe erodes moral responsibility and dulls human sentiments? What happens when capitalism operates not simply to ease man's physical estate through creativity and work but to overcome or repeal the human condition itself? Do conservatives have a political philosophy—a moral philosophy of capitalism for the high-tech age—capable of distinguishing between a mercenary capitalism

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that is blind to human ends and a civilized capitalism tethered to human ends? Have conservatives become so used to criticizing government in the name of freedom that they no longer recognize the need for conservative governance? Can they see that politics may be necessary to rein in not just the economic inequalities of capitalism but the moral revolution at capitalism's cutting edge?

The political Left suffers from a parallel contradiction—between its commitment to the unchallenged moral autonomy of individuals and its commitment to the humanitarian ends of preserving the environment and taking collective responsibility for those in need. Feminism promised to liberate women from the constraints of family life in the name of "more immediate, ecstatic and penetrating modes of living," in the words of the young Hillary Rodham. But the result of women's liberation has been to leave those most in need—children—less supervised and attended to by their parents, more alone, and more drugged on anti-depressants than at any time in modern history. The "new class" removed the stigma from divorce in the name of the individual's right to "move on," "seek love," and "fulfill basic needs." The result has been that almost half of new marriages end in divorce, a misfortune for children that has weakened—indeed threatened—the family as an institution. And in no sector of society has the breakup of the family, especially the mass dereliction of the American father, had a more tragic effect than in America's inner cities, especially among African Americans, nearly 70 percent of whose children are born out of wedlock.

Those whose views derive from the New Left have passionately—and rightly—sought to defend the environment in the name of reverence for the natural world. But with equal passion, they defend a "woman's right to choose"—apparently willing to throw reverence aside when it is the mystery of human life that is at stake, rather than the mystery of nature, and when reverence demands not large-scale advocacy but personal sacrifice. In short, because they have abandoned allegiance to a moral order independent of their own preferences, the cultural leftists have undermined the taboos and restraints that were once powerful shapers of human behavior—such as fear of society's judgment, guilt for wrongdoing, responsibility for the consequences of one's actions. They have "defined deviancy down," again to quote Moynihan, and the ensuing social disruption has most hurt those in greatest need—the poor, those outside the American mainstream, those trapped in bitterness, sadness, misery, and self-destruction.

In the process of creating this cultural transformation, the cultural Left has embraced technological progress of a sort—call it the "new spirit of American capitalism." This is the idea that hard work and commercial genius do not require adherence to the "bourgeois ethic" in other realms of life; the idea that science and technology can be part of the "adversary culture" because they advance ideals of autonomy, secular self-fulfillment, and equality and happiness for all through pharmacological and genetic therapy. And so the New Left, once the proud enemy of progress in the name of "meaning"—remember Mario Savio standing on top of a car at Berkeley decrying the "modern machine"—has become a new New Left, which promises to be the most reliable defender of technological capitalism as the best means to self-liberation and an end to suffering. The universal right to genetic therapy will be the natural next step after the universal right to prescription drugs. This explains why, for example, it was Clinton and Gore who vigorously defended the recent decision by the National Institutes of Health to move ahead with stem-cell research on "excess" human embryos. This embrace of genetic manipulation of humans is difficult to reconcile with the Left's doubts about genetically engineered food. Again, it is a moral inversion that is not ultimately sustainable, if understandable in light of the divided soul of American liberalism.

These cultural contradictions within modern conservatism and modern liberalism will eventually lead to a cultural and political realignment—which will demand new moral and political thinking for the bio-tech, post-feminist, post-Cold War age. The key debate will no longer be over the size of government—that, for now, has been decided—but over rival concepts of American civilization.

On the one hand, one can envision a civilization built on the principle of "technology towards autonomy" and secular fulfillment and justice through genetics. This civilization will be brilliant but narcissistic; technologically potent but morally obtuse; divided between Over-Man technologists and Last-Man patients. It will attempt to live beyond nature—its progenitors already toss about the term "post-human"—eliminating the fear of death, the complementarity of the sexes, and the human experience of guilt through perfected, virtual, this-worldly experience. It will be at times a playful civilization, at times a darkly calculating one, weighing the value of life in purely utilitarian terms. If it fails, it will do so because its people will not find it worth defending—or because they will have lost the capacity to restrain the unforeseeable powers it has unleashed.

The alternative is a civilization that redeems modernity through reverence—without recklessly pretending to dismantle modernity wholesale or rejecting the good things modernity has to offer. This civilization will recognize the need to create wealth, but rather than making a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

god of capitalism, it will try to reconnect capitalism to moral ends. It will embrace compassion—its people will seek to care for one another, for the poor, for the sick—but reject bio-technological manipulation as a corruption of human nature. For America, the world's greatest power, this civilization of reverence will be outward-looking, willing to defend its ideals abroad when doing so is possible and prudent. This means standing up for "American greatness," which in turn requires the use of American power, always after a careful weighing of means and ends. It will require the wisdom and tragic sense to balance technological might for the sake of principle with technological humility for the sake of human survival. Above all, this civilization will entertain no illusion that life is easy or pure or mystery-free. It will embrace the mix of tragedy and joy, eternity and history, that is the human condition, and recognize that family, community, and religion are the best ways man knows to redeem the tragedy and celebrate the joy.

It is uncertain whether America's political, civic, and religious institutions are equal to undertaking such a mass reformation; or whether modern civilization has already gone too far down the path of "technology towards autonomy" to turn back or even pause. This is the riddle confronting American governance. The outcome of the present election will be far from dispositive; neither Al Gore nor George W. Bush can turn the tide alone—and if the campaign is any indication, neither has the right combination of discernment, charisma, and statesmanship for such a fundamental undertaking. A longer-term answer depends on many things—the reinvigoration of political philosophy, the emergence of American leaders of the stature of Washington and Lincoln, and unforeseeable turns of events around the world. But whichever direction our civilization leads, it is America that will be judged, and rightly so, for it is America that has opened up the possibility of a brave new world, and America alone may have the capacity to change course. ♦

Credibly Influential

Once again: The 2000-2001 Erdos & Morgan Opinion Leaders Study has shown *The Weekly Standard* to be more **credible** and more **influential** than

National Journal
Roll Call
The Hill

Where are you putting *your* opinion advertising dollars?

Call (202) 496-3354 for a media kit or visit http://weeklystandard.com/advert

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Want to Be a Millionaire? Get a Farm

With a budget-busting agriculture bill, congressional Republicans try to plant the seeds of victory.

By Stephen Moore

This year's congressional spending bills are coyote ugly, with federal spending exceeding the Republicans' own self-imposed budget caps by close to $100 billion. Republicans no longer have a credible anti-big-government agenda to promote. Nowhere is that more evident than in this year's farm bill.

Just five years ago congressional Republicans passed a landmark farm subsidy reform bill called the Freedom to Farm Act. It was supposed to phase out crop and dairy subsidies over five to seven years so that farmers could finally produce for the market rather than for Uncle Sam. The bad news is that the act has now been officially eviscerated.

This year's $35 billion farm bailout bill is by far the most costly ever. If we just passed out the dollars directly, we could make every full-time farmer in Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska a millionaire. Aside from the billions for grain subsidies, many new food types will get taxpayer assistance. Florida citrus and lime growers will receive $58 million in payments. The famous wool and mohair subsidy has been resurrected so that Vermont sheep herders will be eligible for $20 million in handouts this year. Connecticut oystermen will get an emergency bailout. The loan program for a small handful of very wealthy Florida sugar plantation owners is more generous than ever. Oh yes, and the poster child for corporate welfare—taxpayer subsidies for foreign advertising of giant agri-businesses like Ralston Purina, Pillsbury, Dole, and Ernest and Julio Gallo wines—lives on for yet another year to the tune of $100 million.

Aggrieved avocado farmers in California will now get funds from a new tax on imported avocados. The tax dollars generated from this "will be used to fund research and marketing campaigns in favor of avocado consumption." Evidently this means that any day now the folks at the USDA will be distributing tangy recipes for guacomole dip. I am friends with a well-to-do couple who recently cashed in some of their stocks and bought a lovely get-away-from-it-all ranch outside Santa Barbara. They are now avocado farmers. They're thoroughly modern American farmers. They drive their produce to market in the trunk of their Lexus. You can imagine how delighted they were when they learned that they may now be eligible for USDA-style welfare.

The truth is, wherever you live nowadays, and regardless of your income, if you're planting seeds in your backyard garden, you may just be eligible for federal aid. If you grow apples or potatoes, you could get a slice of $138 million in subsidies. Planting onions? There's $250,000 available if they're Vidalia onions. How about asparagus? The federal government has created for you a $250,000 "international asparagus competitiveness council." If you've got cranberry bushes, you could be eligible for the $30 million that Uncle Sam will spend this year purchasing cranberry juice. The only bad news is that you'll have to compete with Ocean Spray, which figures to snatch up the vast majority of this largesse.

The strange resurrection of the wool and mohair subsidy is symptomatic of the budget retreat of Capitol Hill Republicans. Created in the early 1950s during the Korean War, this goat and sheep herder subsidy was said to be vital for national security in order to make sure that the United States had enough domestic wool production to put uniforms on our American soldiers. Really and truly. This is how the program got its start. Mohair comes from a special breed of Texas Angora goats—so the Lonestar State representatives were big fans of the welfare payments. Starting in the 1960s the Pentagon switched over to cotton and synthetics for uniforms and suddenly the Cold War national security rationale for wool and mohair subsidies disappeared into thin air.

Stephen Moore is an adjunct fellow at the Cato Institute and president of the Club for Growth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the subsidies didn't. Over the course of the next three decades, federal taxpayers have provided several billion dollars in handouts to America's sheep and goat herders. Starting in the early 1990s, the program started to get bales full of bad publicity. The *Wall Street Journal* famously reported in 1995 that the third largest recipient of wool subsidies in Lincoln County, New Mexico, was none other than the famous herdsman, Sam Donaldson of ABC News. Donaldson was pocketing as much as $97,000 a year in annual payments from the USDA, with the checks sent to his suburban Virginia home. Suddenly the program became expendable when taxpayers learned that millions of their dollars were being delivered to wealthy urban and suburban farmers.

In 1996, the Republicans did a heroic thing by killing the program. No more sheep herder subsidies. It was one of the very few programs that Newt Gingrich and his fellow revolutionaries could point to as proof of the Republicans' boast that "we know how to get rid of federal programs, not just create new ones." Not so fast, though. Last year the program mysteriously rose from the dead. The National Sheep Industry Improvement Center was created to provide "temporary" help for sheep herders facing the dual problems of overproduction and low prices. The program was labeled emergency assistance and $10 million of aid was offered—a pittance given the size of the total farm bill.

But in Washington's budgetary parlance, the term "temporary" is a euphemism—the 100-year-old telephone tax we all pay each year was "temporary." This year the subsidy not only remains, it doubles in size thanks to another miserable year in the market for wool prices. For producers, that is, not people shopping for clothes.

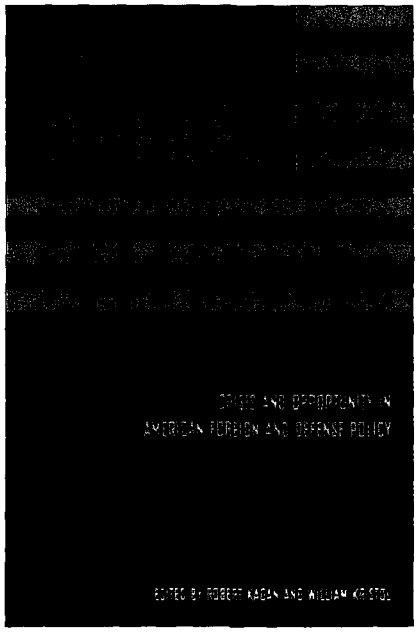
What is strange about the Washington mindset regarding agriculture is that year after year, falling prices are treated as a tragedy. In virtually every other American industry, falling prices are generally regarded as a good thing because they directly benefit consumers. That's true of oil, steel, copper, textiles, telephones, televisions, and computer chips. So why isn't it true of potato chips? The answer is that Americans want to save the icon of the small American farmer—even though hundreds of billions of dollars in subsidies over the past quarter century have done little to stem his decline.

So if you thought farm subsidies were going to go away soon and American farmers would soon be producing in a competitive and unfettered free market—sort of like what just about every other businessman in America does—forget it. Jonathan Rauch of *National Journal* recently reported that "the 1996 farm bill was supposed to spend $42 billion over seven years, with payments declining every year." Instead, he found, "Congress's own numbers show that the actual spending will be more like $86 billion, with payments rising every year." Oops.

Six years after the Republicans took control of the purse strings from those big spending nanny state Democrats, farm socialism is alive and well in America. The motivation for retaining these multiple layers of price supports, crop subsidies, and loan deficiency payments are not to preserve the jobs of small family farmers. The motivation here is to preserve the jobs of Republicans. This year's pricey farm bill is old-fashioned tax, spend, and elect politics. Farmers, after all, tend to be concentrated in battleground states. So for self-preservation purposes, Republicans have generously turned the spigots back on. But $35 billion is a hefty price to pay. There's just got to be a cheaper way to buy an election. ♦

Illustration by Fred Harper

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRESENT DANGERS
Crisis and Opportunity in American Foreign and Defense Policy
Edited by Robert Kagan and William Kristol

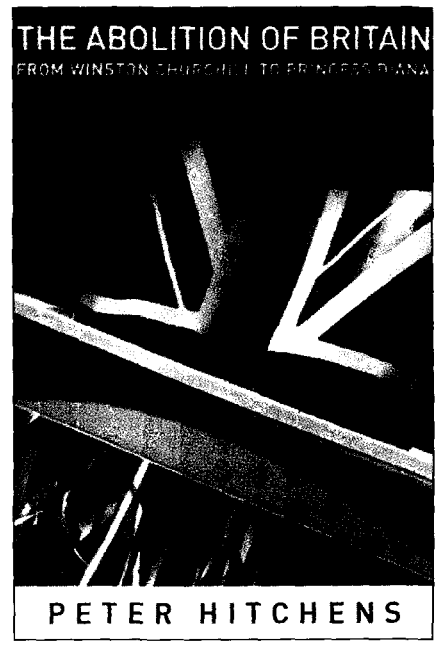
After triumphing in the Cold War and achieving a smashing victory in Desert Storm, it seemed as though the United States would be able to shape a new international system to protect its interests and advance the cause of liberal democracy across the globe. But instead of seizing this unique moment, the United States under the Clinton/Gore administration has indulged in a gradual but steady moral and strategic disarmament, leading to the uncertain and threatening international situation in which we now find ourselves.

What are the features of this dangerous world? China is emerging as a strong, determined and hostile power; Russia wavers between feeble reform and chilling intimations of a new authoritarianism; and aggressive dictatorships across the globe grow ever bolder and better armed. Most alarming of all, there has been a steady decline in America's military capacities, and a waffling on the development and deployment of much needed defensive systems.

Comprised of provocative original essays by Paul Wolfowitz, Richard Perle, William Bennett, Donald Kagan and other leading policy intellectuals, **Present Dangers** argues the case for forceful American leadership in the world. This important book is not only a critique of U.S. indifference to pressing global issues, but also a wakeup call to an America that seems to have fallen asleep at the wheel.

200 pages, cloth, $22.95, also available in paperback for $15.95

THE ABOLITION OF BRITAIN
From Winston Churchill to Princess Diana
By Peter Hitchens



In a recent article in the London Telegraph Margaret Thatcher accused Tony Blair of trying to "abolish Britain as a distinct self-confident independent nation."

Peter Hitchens agrees with Lady Thatcher.

In **The Abolition of Britain,** Hitchens summarizes everything that has gone wrong in Britain since World War II, making the case for "those many millions who feel that they have become foreigners in their own land and wish with each succeeding day that they could turn the clock back."

Hitchens believes that one term summarizes everything that has gone wrong in Britain — "Tony Blairism." Hitchens sees the current Labor government as having rewritten England's history, trivialized its journalism, subverted its educational system and cultural standards, instituted a stultifying reign of political correctness and overthrown accepted notions of patriotism, faith, and morality.

A best seller in England, **The Abolition of Britain** is bitingly witty and fiercely argued, yet also filled with somber appreciation for what "the idea of England" has always meant to the West and to the world at large.

"Tony Blair's 'cool' Britain is also a site of junk culture, showbiz values, pernicious officialdom and fifth-rate political manipulation. It simultaneously illustrates much of the worst of elitism and the worst of populism. Reading this honest and indignant account, I could not repress a twinge of fraternal solidarity."

— Christopher Hitchens

323 pages, cloth, $22.95

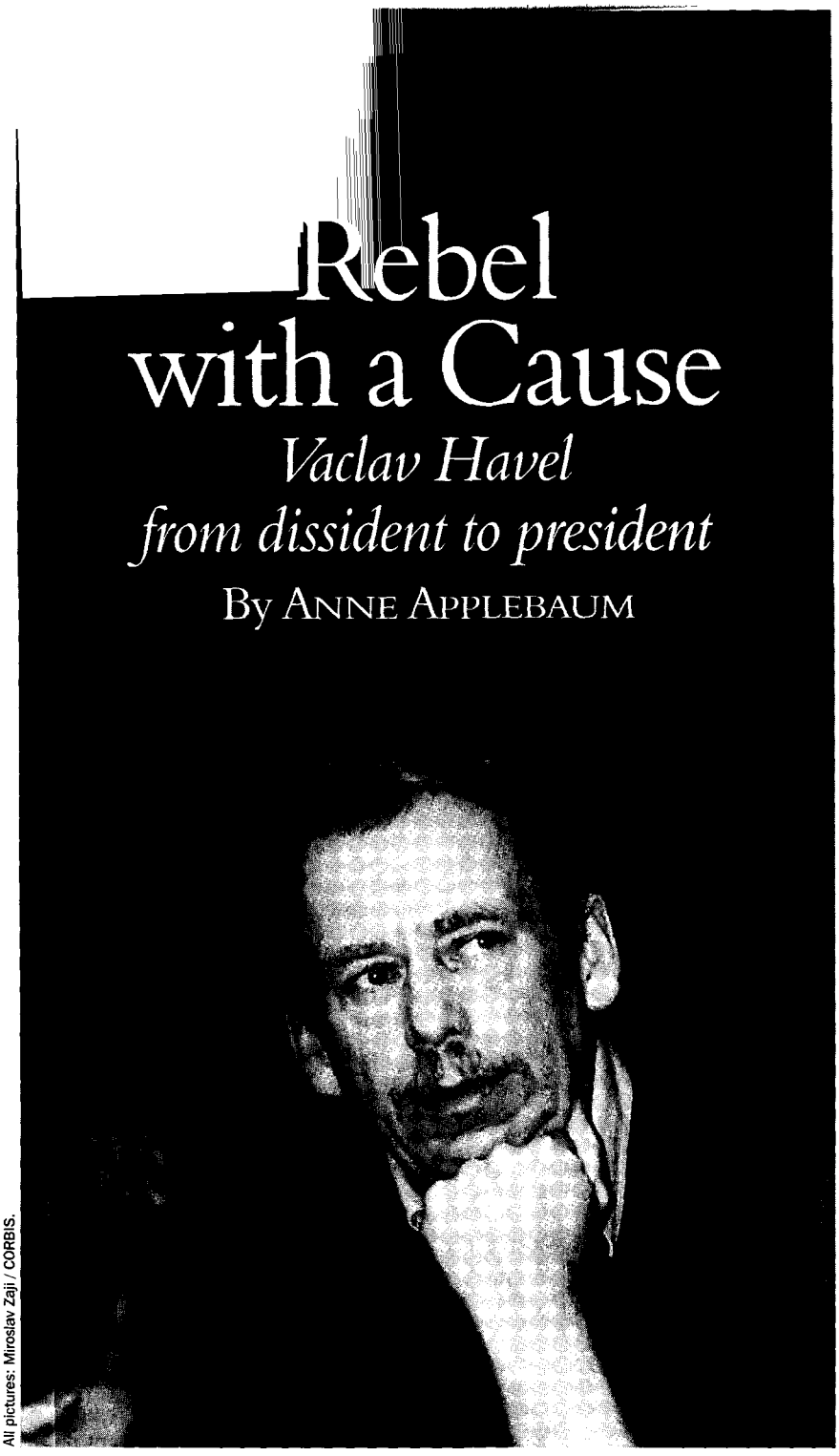
ENCOUNTER BOOKS At bookstores everywhere or call 800-786-3839
www.encounterbooks.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rebel with a Cause

Vaclav Havel from dissident to president

By Anne Applebaum



All pictures: Miroslav Zaji / CORBIS.

A long time ago, I saw some photographs taken at one of the clandestine meetings of Polish and Czech dissidents in the 1980s. Like high school yearbook pictures or snapshots of the prom, they had a certain dated charm. There the dissidents all were, looking younger and happier, gleefully toasting the camera with bottles of beer, celebrating the fact that they had, once again, eluded their secret police services, border guards, and informer networks, and managed to hold an international summit in the middle of the wilderness, high up in the Tatra mountains that divide their countries.

A journalist based in Warsaw and London, Anne Applebaum is writing a history of Soviet concentration camps.

The photographs were shown to me as curiosities, evidence of the conspiratorial capabilities of the dissident movements of yore. But as I think back on it, they were more than that: They were probably the only photographs of a generation—call it "the class of 1968"—rarely to be found in one place at one time.

We tend to think of the dissident movements in Central Europe as having been distinct, both from one another and from what was happening in the West. And indeed, physically, they were. But they were not so separate as we might suppose. Just as the events of 1968 affected their contemporaries in Paris and Berkeley, so too 1968 affected those who were students at the time all across Central Europe and most notably in Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia.

Admittedly, the parameters were different. Young Czechs were not condemning bourgeois democracy but helping to create the Prague spring. Young Poles were not denouncing capitalism but organizing university riots against communism in Warsaw. Still, many of the central European dissidents were the children of Communists and were thus engaged in a recognizable form of generational rebellion. Many were influenced by the ideas of the New Left, and also spoke dreamily of a Third Way between communism and capitalism. In those old Tatra mountain photos, they were all still wearing the international uniform of their age—blue jeans, sneakers, T-shirts—and many of them still do.

Just as the baby boomers left their distinctive stamp on American politics, so the class of 1968 left its mark on Central Europe. There were obviously other factors involved in the collapse of communism (the Polish Catholic church, the war in Afghanistan), but the dissidents who came of age in 1968 played an enormous role: They became both the tacticians and the coordinators of the revolutions of 1989. They wrote and distributed the samizdat pamphlets, helped organize the strikes and protests, and kept Western journalists informed. In the wake of the 1989 revolution, many moved from shadow politics into public roles as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ministers, legislators, journalists. They had extremely high hopes at the time, and no wonder: They were heroes, leaders, and idealists poised to put their ideals into practice.

Alas, it was not to be. A decade later, the dissidents of the 1968 generation look much less heroic, much more irrelevant. The new order has not been kind to them. Some found they hated the rigors of democratic politics, which required them to submit themselves to the judgment of voters who didn't necessarily perceive them (as they perceived themselves) to be morally superior beings, sanctified by years of underground politics. Others found they hated capitalism, and failed to understand how economic change would affect themselves, their friends, and society. Most dropped out. Some remain drenched in nostalgia. Only a few were successful, politically and intellectually, in the new order. And of those few, only one stands out: Vaclav Havel, president of the Czech Republic.

Looked at in isolation, Havel can seem, if not a failure, then at least a disappointment. He is still the Czech president, but he is ill and has aged badly. He is far less popular than he once was (he had the bad taste to marry a young actress soon after the death of his popular wife). He has been accused of everything from naiveté in foreign policy and economics, to surrounding himself with layers of bureaucrats and yes-men, to forgetting his old friends.

He did not prevent the division of the Czechoslovak state. He failed to make his country the promoter of international peace and harmony he had hoped it would be, or even the economic powerhouse others had predicted. Prague has become a tourist mecca, but Poland's economy is more dynamic and Hungary's political scene is more stable.

Worse, at least a part of Havel's claim to intellectual fame looks, in retrospect, far less certain than it once did. Havel's plays have not stood the test of time. Once, the fact that they seem a bit like a juvenile attempt to out-Kafka Kafka could be politely ignored: Merely to stage one was a political statement. Now, however, with their wooden characters, each one representing a social type—the Communist Official, the Bourgeois Intellectual, the Dull Conformist, the Rebel—and their heavy parody of bureaucratic language, they seem tedious. Here are a few lines of dialogue from *The Garden Party*, written in 1963:

> *Secretary*: You are now at the main entrance B13. You can buy here a general ticket which entitles you to move freely throughout the whole area of the garden and to visit almost all the events organized within the framework of the Liquidation Office Garden Party.

Vaclav Havel
A Political Tragedy in Six Acts
by John Keane
Basic Books, 532 pp., $27.50

> *Clerk*: There is, for an example, an informal chat with the Head of the Development Department about new liquidation methods, taking place in the area around the Little Pond—
>
> *Secretary*: An entertaining Quiz programme on the history of the Liquidation Office, taking place in Summerhouse No. 3—
>
> *Clerk*: Or the programme of humourous stories from the liquidation practice of Section 5 which have been written down and will be narrated by the Head of Section Five. . . .
>
> *Secretary*: And in which you yourself can participate, provided you have sent the exact text of your story together with a health certificate and a permit from your Head of Section to the Secretariat of Humour and to the Ideological Regulation Commission at the latest two months before the date of this Garden Party.

And so on, and on.

For these reasons and others, John Keane's recent biography of Havel—the first substantial book about the Czech president to appear in English—doesn't try to whitewash any of Havel's flaws. Subtitled "A Political Tragedy in Six Acts," Keane carefully catalogues the man's physical decline and paints a devastating, almost luridly melodramatic portrait of the Czech president. Havel seems, by the end, like a man clinging to power, hungering after lost youth, engaged in a bitter, losing fight against death. Keane even quotes Adam Michnik, the Polish polemicist—and Havel's friend, a comember of the class of 1968—asking Havel, "What will you do, how will you feel, when the clapping stops and the hissing and heckling begins?"

Answers Keane, "Perhaps the only person suitably qualified to reply, if only he could, was the figure of death on the enchanting medieval clock in Prague's Old Town Square."

Yet those who consider Havel a disappointment at best, a failure at worst, generally miss a few things about him. For one, out of that whole, promising generation of Central European dissident politicians, he was the only one capable of summing up their activity into a piece of coherent political philosophy. He was indeed a mediocre playwright, but his plays were bad because they were too obviously political.

His famous 1979 essay, however, "The Power of the Powerless," isn't hampered by that flaw. Clear and concise in an almost Anglo-Saxon fashion, it is also just about the only political tract written by the 1968 generation that actually had any international influence and merits re-reading. By contrast, the writings of Miklos Haraszti (a Hungarian of comparable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Havel accepts the resignation of the Communist government of Czechoslovakia in 1989.

glamour) now seem dated: His book, *The Velvet Prison*, will be relevant only to historians of Hungary. The same is true of Michnik (perhaps the only Pole of comparable fame). Michnik's most celebrated essay—a tactical argument in favor of reconciling the Polish Church and the "Lay Left" (in order to fight communism)—doesn't have relevance anymore even in Poland, where the Church and the "Lay Left" (led by Michnik) are again at loggerheads.

But "The Power of the Powerless" sums up the theory of resistance to totalitarianism in a way that is relevant not only to Central Europeans but to anyone living under a regime that tries to control every aspect of its subjects' lives, from work to school to leisure. To fight such a state—and to live an ethical, moral life—Havel promoted the notion of "living in truth." This did not necessarily mean going to demonstrations or waving banners. Instead, Havel advocated living one's everyday life as if the regime did not exist, to the extent that was possible.

In a totalitarian society, this was a genuine form of resistance, and by the late 1980s, it was widely practiced across the region. The first time I went to Poland in 1987, I stayed with friends. According to the law, I was supposed to register with the police the fact that I was staying in a private home. "We don't do that," my friends told me. "We don't believe the police have the right to know who stays with us." I didn't register—and because thousands of other people didn't either, the law gradually became unenforceable.

On a grander scale, Havel was really talking about the creation of civil society, the founding of small institutions—musical groups, even, or literary discussion circles—that could develop an "independent life of society" and prevent their members from being totally controlled from above. This was practiced, in Prague's famous "independent" philosophy seminars, in the underground presses and samizdat printing networks across the Eastern bloc, in Poland's "Flying University," and, most successfully, in Poland's independent trade unions. The Poles, whose Communist regime was already pretty shabby and easier to resist by the late 1970s, probably appreciated Havel's essay more than anyone. Zbigniew Bujak, at the time a young strike leader, is quoted by Keane as saying that Havel's essay in 1979 "gave us the theoretical underpinnings for our activity. It maintained our spirits."

Yet what is remarkable about Havel is that, having beautifully described the means of resistance to a Communist regime, he also instantly understood that a different sort of behavior was called for after the regime had collapsed. In 1989, upon being elected president, Havel realized that the most urgent task was not continued dissidence, but the re-creation of the state. This meant, among other things, that Prague's Castle—literally a castle, and also the offices of the head of state—had to be transformed from a symbol of oppression to a symbol of pride and of democratically elected authority. Thus he had his offices freshly painted and hung with contemporary art, took down the steel fence around the garden, and acquired a set of BMWs in red, white, and blue (colors of the Czech flag) to use as a presidential cavalcade. He insisted upon bringing back—at least until the national division—the prewar name of his country, the Republic of Czechoslovakia. He appeared with foreign leaders and pop stars, yet at the same time started wearing suits, stopped talking about absurdist theater, and started discussing legislation, ministries, and world events.

Not all of Havel's efforts to bring glamour and glory and seriousness of purpose back to the office of the presidency met with approval—particularly among the generation of 1968. Havel's first wife, Olga, protested that she disliked the "pomposity" of the presidency and would only participate minimally in official life. Some of his oldest friends resigned in disgust from their jobs as Havel's aides, claiming that "the Castle" had become uncom-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fortably cold and formal; others complained that he no longer came to their bohemian parties, or that when he did, he seemed distant and withdrawn. They would get drunk; he would sit in the corner and silently roll cigarettes.

But while it is true that Havel made many, many mistakes, in this one sense, he was unique among his dissident contemporaries in Prague and elsewhere. Many of them turned out simply to be natural rebels or natural troublemakers. Havel, the son of a well-to-do family, turned out rather to be a natural bourgeois: His primary goal was to pick up the pieces of the prewar Czechoslovak state, to re-create what had been. He is not, and never was, by American or Western European standards a "conservative," but nor was he out to create a new utopian world where the president lived a life no different from an ordinary person.

Some of his declarations were naive: His much-publicized statement, early on, that unlike its Communist predecessor, the new Czechoslovakia would no longer engage in arms dealing particularly angered the Slovaks, in whose territory most of Czechoslovakia's arms factories lay. But given that he was president of a country whose most famous export was Semtex, the explosive of choice for terrorist groups around the world, the effort was commendable. Havel wanted to alter his country's international image and return it to the values upon which he believed his parents' society was founded.

For this reason, I suspect that—personal flaws notwithstanding—he will remain the most memorable historical figure of his generation. In fact, Havel's successes (most notably that he has been in office now for more than a decade) suggest how the rest of the 1968 generation across Central Europe and the Soviet Union failed. The dissidents of those days have faded into the woodwork in East Germany, vanished utterly in Russia, and played a dubious role in Poland and Hungary.

Of course, some have gone on to have distinguished political or academic careers. For the most part, however, those who continue to play public roles do so as journalists, the profession to which the irresponsibly critical have always been attracted. Obsessed for so long with the tactics of rebellion, few understood the importance of founding and creating institutions.

But Havel did understand. He told us so in "The Power of the Powerless" all those years ago: The best way to achieve change is not to scream for destruction but quietly to build the world anew. ♦

The Voices of Summer

New York baseball, the way it used to be broadcast.

BY SPENCER WARREN

As a lifelong Yankees fan (my earliest baseball memory is Moose Skowron grounding out to end the 1957 World Series), I am, of course, overjoyed by the renewal of the Ruth-Gehrig-DiMaggio-Mantle dynasty. These Yankees—whose fourteen consecutive wins in Series games (ended in game three of the current Series against the Mets) broke the twelve-game winning streak of the 1927, 1928, and 1932 "Murderers' Row" Yankees—are worthy successors of their forebears.

They play with the same quiet assurance and cool professionalism I remember from the 1950s and early 1960s—and they usually come from behind in the clutch to win. To have triumphed in three consecutive series in the age of two-tier playoffs is made all the more impressive by their 33-8 postseason record from 1998 to 2000. Winning this year's renewal of the Subway Series is the proverbial icing on the cake.

But it's not the same as before. Television has seen to that. I used to think my feelings for baseball of the late 1950s and early 1960s were nostalgia and prejudice. But then I was fortunate enough to discover on the ESPN Classic channel the last two games of the 1952 World Series. The Golden Age. The Yankees against the Brooklyn Dodgers in Ebbets Field. ESPN said these are the oldest surviving complete baseball telecasts, and they brought back the voices of my childhood as though they had never left: sportscasters Mel Allen and Red Barber.

The biggest difference between 1952 and 2000 is that now we watch a television extravaganza, while then we were watching a baseball game covered by television. Today we have to suffer a director sitting in a truck, choosing in a split second from so many camera shots that he not infrequently misses plays (three in the first game, two in the third). So much for technology. We also have to bear massive overproduction of graphics and sound effects. And, worst of all, we have to sit through the robotic play-by-play announcer Joe Buck (so anonymous that he is interchangeable with any of dozens of others who make up the fraternity) and the endless talk, talk, talk of Tim McCarver.

In 1952, NBC had only a few cameras; the main shot was from the grandstand behind home plate looking down on the field. (Today the main shot puts us in the bleachers.)

Mel Allen or Red Barber—only one behind the microphone at a time, four and a half innings apiece—talked at least 50 percent less than Buck and McCarver. They didn't need more, because they let the game speak for itself. They *spiced* the action on the field with their matchless voices (Allen a mellifluous baritone, Barber a lyrical tenor) and passionate enthusiasm (understated with Barber, though not

President of The Insider's Washington Experience, a policy seminar program, Spencer Warren is writing a book on movies and culture.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Allen). They were themselves; they were genuine.

One example: In the seventh game in 1952, with the Yanks leading 1-0 in the fourth inning, Brooklyn loads the bases with no out. ("The bases are FOB," Barber comments. "Full of Brooklyns.") They are getting to the Yankee hurler, junkman (he threw slow stuff) "Steady" Eddie Lopat. At which point Allie Reynolds begins to warm up in the Yankee bullpen along the left field line. Today only diehard fans know the names, but Reynolds and Vic Raschi—both hard-throwing right-handers—were two of the greatest money pitchers who ever lived and were the two most important players in the Yankees' unmatched string of five consecutive World Series championships from 1949 to 1953. Reynolds, whose part-Indian heritage earned from Mel Allen the sobriquet, "Superchief," had pitched seven innings in the series opener (losing 4-2) and then, with two days rest (there were no travel days in the Subway Series then), had hurled a 2-0 shutout in game four. With the Bombers' backs to the wall, he relieved Raschi in game six (on one day's rest) in the eighth inning and saved the victory to even the series. Now (with no rest), here he is preparing to come to the rescue in game seven. (Reynolds probably never heard the current term, "pitch count," where a starter is arbitrarily removed from the game once he reaches a certain number, lest he weaken his multi-million-dollar pitching arm.)

Red Barber, unable to hide his admiration, exclaims: "We don't have to throw a camera down to the Yankee bullpen. You can rest assured Mr. Reynolds is on duty." Then, when manager Casey Stengel (the "Ol' Perfessor") summons him into the game, Barber proclaims, "Here comes the Chief!" Reynolds puts out the fire in that inning and allows only one run in two more innings. The Yanks go on to win the game 4-2 (second baseman Billy Martin makes a game-saving catch in the seventh), and the series. (Years later, Reynolds, whose career was shortened a couple of years because of his selfless heroics in this and other series, told an interviewer, "I had to do what Casey asked. I couldn't have lived with myself if I didn't.")

Bettmann / CORBIS

Casey Stengel (center) brings in Allie Reynolds (right) to relieve Vic Raschi (left) in the 1952 World Series against the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Reynolds's attitude, of course, stands in contrast to that of many players today. Also noteworthy is the fabulous bunting in 1952, even by the great, stocky catcher Roy Campanella. Today good bunting—the most selfless play in baseball—excites comment because it is so rare. Not so rare today are hitters gawking at their homeruns and not running until the ball lands in the stands. In the first game this year, Todd Zeile's blast didn't make it, costing the no-hustle Mets (they loafed on a couple of other plays as well) the game. Not hustling in the World Series!

With their easy manner punctuated by moments of fierce excitement, Allen and Barber show their respect for baseball, which is a kind of English or nineteenth-century game in its quiet, even pace over a beautiful carpet of grass and earth, but exploding in drama just when we do not know. Such a pace is hardly suitable for television—which is why television always tries to remake baseball coverage into football: Constant, intense action every minute, and if that action isn't on the field, then the director and his dozens of cameras, and the blathering broadcasters, take over. For all the knowledgeable talk of McCarver, picking apart every play in endless detail, we are never in the game today as we are watching the primitive 1952 telecast. Today's overproduction lends an ersatz quality to the broadcast. So do the television-enforced late hours of the very long games. This is the same canned, artificial quality television gives to politics and much else in American life.

But in the end the beauty of the game, the accomplishments of the players (greats like Derek Jeter, Paul O'Neill, and Al Leiter), and the drama of what is still the greatest of all sports championships does come through. If only Mel and Red were still here to make the music. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All photos: Chronicle Books.

Remember the Beatles!

They actually were as good as you think.

BY DANIEL WATTENBERG

During their time as an active group, the Beatles never paused to anthologize themselves. Unusually—maybe uniquely—among popular rock bands with large song catalogues, the Beatles never released a greatest hits or concert album before their breakup. They couldn't stop to anthologize their old songs, because they were too busy surpassing themselves with new ones.

And somehow—despite a prolific output of songs and records, punishing touring schedules in the early years, and saturation levels of publicity—the Beatles always left you wanting more.

A writer in Washington, D.C., Daniel Wattenberg is a regular contributor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

The Beatles Anthology
by The Beatles
Chronicle Books, 368 pp., $60

They stopped performing live too soon, in 1966. They stopped recording too soon, in 1969. John Lennon stopped existing too soon, in 1980. Unlike Elvis with his many "comeback" specials, the Beatles never came back.

In contrast, *The Beatles Anthology* trilogy—comprising a six-CD collection of live performances and studio outtakes, an ABC documentary, and, now, a group "autobiography"—is curatorial and superabundant. The contents of these recordings, film, and book are useful, often delightful, and quite revealing. But unlike the band's original output, the *Anthology* does not leave you with an appetite for more.

The newly published autobiography, also called the *Beatles Anthology*, is the latest and final piece of this sprawling, three-legged multi-media history of the twentieth century's most successful recording artists. With a first printing of one and a half million copies, the coffee-table book weighs 6.6 pounds and is clad in a shimmering silver dust jacket, its colorful glossy pages crowded with rare photos and scribbles, doodles, and documents from the Beatles' personal collections. And this scrapbook eye-candy is fitted in among 340,000 words of text. You may need your Lennon glasses: The type is small, and looks even smaller on the oversized pages.

Like the *Anthology* CD compilation (how many retakes of "Strawberry Fields" are enough?), the book suffers from repetition. The multiple retellings of the same events (the speed-fueled white nights on the Reeperbahn, say, or Yoko encamping in the studio during the *White Album* sessions) by the individual Beatles may make you feel like a replay official reviewing the same play from every conceivable angle.

The autobiography also suffers from an inescapable asymmetry. In long interviews conducted for this volume, the three surviving Beatles look back on their eventful lives from the settled maturity of men approaching sixty. In contrast, John Lennon's "autobiography" is pieced together from interviews spanning almost two decades, when he was still caught in the riptides of a turbulent life cut short at a relatively young forty. The emotional debris churned up by parental abandonment in childhood and mass adoration in adulthood never quite subsided.

Fragments of Lennon's interviews given years apart are often fused together, sometimes in the same paragraph, to create the illusion of continuous narrative. The effort to blend the Lennon fragments in with the oral histories of the other three is unconvincing and rather sad, much like the new "Beatles" songs "Free As A Bird" and "Real Love," confected for the *Anthology* CDs by bringing the surviving three into the studio to layer their voices and instruments on top of homemade demo tapes of unfinished songs recorded by Lennon in the late 1970s.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Beatles' development paralleled that of the 1960s counterculture so conveniently that the band's identity seemed to merge with that of an entire generation. They began their professional career in earnest in Hamburg in 1960. No hubcap was safe from these boys, dressed in leather and jeans like their 1950s idols Elvis Presley, Gene Vincent, and Marlon Brando. They broke up in 1969, by which time they looked like wizened religious ascetics.

And in between, it seemed like the Beatles couldn't catch cold without a generation sneeze. They discovered pot during the recording of *Rubber Soul*, and it seemed like right angles softened into gentle curves everywhere. They costumed themselves as "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," and undergraduates started turning up in their fathers' old service jackets and boots. They escaped to an ashram, and a generation seemed to abandon utopian politics in favor of self-discovery.

The baby-boom generation spent more time entertaining itself than any of its predecessors. Inevitably perhaps, it was driven to justify itself by ascribing larger significance to its entertainment and entertainers than any of its predecessors. Its supreme entertainers were, of course, the Beatles—and the extent to which they were precedent-setters, musically and socially, for good and for ill, has often been exaggerated.

The Beatles, for example, were hardly the first rock stars to write their own songs, as admirers have so often claimed. Indeed, the Beatles themselves have repeatedly acknowledged their debt to such composer-performers as Buddy Holly, Chuck Berry, Roy Orbison, and Ray Charles, many of whose songs they recorded or featured in their live acts.

It is frequently the case with "marvelous boys" who achieve astonishing success at young ages—Lennon and McCartney were still just in their mid-twenties when *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* was recorded—that their talent appears to have erupted spontaneously, so perhaps it should not be surprising that their originality has been often exaggerated.

By the same token, they really weren't slyly promoting the 1960s drug culture through their songs, as their detractors suspected. "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" (stands for LSD, remember?) truly was inspired by a school drawing brought home by John's son, Julian. "Happiness Is a Warm Gun" really wasn't about heroin. In fact, with the exception of Paul McCartney admitting in an ambush interview to having taken LSD (the ever-sensible, career-minded McCartney was actually the last of the four to try it), the Beatles were guarded in the 1960s about their personal drug use. They had every reason to be. The Beatles presented enticing targets to narcotics police.

In short, the Beatles myth is ripe for some healthy subversion. But it is a little surprising that, by design or not, they themselves supply it in the autobiography. Don't misunderstand. The *Beatles Anthology* is not a dishy book. About their personal affairs, the Beatles are tactful, especially where third parties might be involved. But, as told by themselves, the Beatles story is objectively subversive of the myth, because it is primarily about their relationships to their music and to each other, and only incidentally about their relationship to their well-chronicled generation and its social upheavals.

As artists, the Beatles are remembered chiefly for two things: for Lennon and McCartney's seemingly inexhaustible flow of beautiful melodies, and for exploiting the resources of the recording studio more fully than anyone before them. But the Beatles themselves seem to place more emphasis on their musical cohesion as a band as a source of their greatness. It is one of the surprises of the book.

The Beatles became polished rock 'n' roll musicians and performers before they became stars. Unlike Elvis Presley, who was thrown together in Sam Phillips's Sun recording studio with three strangers to record his breakthrough song, "That's Alright, Mama," the core of the Beatles—John, Paul, and George—had been playing together for more than five years when their first single "Love Me Do" hit the British charts in late 1962. They were boys when they began together: McCartney remembers plastering the fourteen-year-old Harrison's lip with garden soil so he could pass for sixteen. They listened to the same records, they learned simple guitar chords together. To a large extent, they formed their musical sensibility collectively.

One takes from the *Anthology* a fuller appreciation of how crucial live

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

performing was to their development. They came of age as a band, if not quite as men, in Hamburg in 1960. During a months-long engagement at the Kaiserkeller in the Reeperbahn, the port city's notorious red light district, the Beatles played six hours every night. They expanded their repertoire of rock 'n' roll (learning to play entire albums, instead of just hit singles, by their favorite artists) and diversified beyond the genre, adding show tunes and schmalzy ballads ("'Til There Was You," "A Taste of Honey") to their act. To keep boredom at bay, their own as well as the audience's (they were playing the same club nightly, so repeat business must have been considerable), they learned to make the familiar new through musical improvisation.

By the time they returned to Liverpool, they weren't a finished band (they still had to dump the uninspired stop-gap drummer Pete Best for Ringo), but they had vaulted past the local competition in range, showmanship, and, most important, musical cohesion. Before they ever released a record and before John Lennon and Paul McCartney emerged as songwriters, the Beatles had already become the premier band in Liverpool.

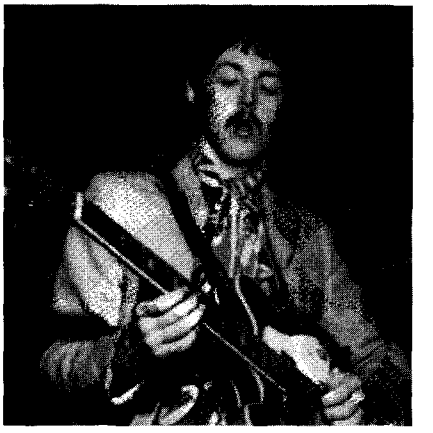
After they took the world by storm, the Beatles continued to tour relentlessly for another three years. But they no longer enjoyed the same freedom to experiment. Their sets shrank to half an hour, their fans grew deafening, audiences demanded that songs be played as closely to their recorded versions as possible, and the group had far too much at stake to risk the mistakes that come with improvisation. At this point the Beatles lost interest in performing live, and they retreated to their recording studio in Abbey Road, where the most famous musicians in the world were still free to take chances, make mistakes, and grow through trial and error.

Eventually, their recording sessions in turn would grow less collaboratively inventive. Reading between the lines of the autobiography only a little, one surmises that the resulting feelings of stifled creativity became an important source of the frictions that led to the band's disintegration. Guitarist George Harrison, usually considered the best instrumentalist in the band, grew especially frustrated as Paul McCartney became increasingly prescriptive about what the others should play on his songs. Apparently feeling like a glorified session musician, Harrison actually left the band briefly during the unpleasant recording of the *Let It Be* album.

It may seem trivial to dwell on the musical chemistry among the four Beatles. Lennon and McCartney were exceptionally gifted songwriters. But there were other exceptional songwriters working in the same idiom. The Kinks' Ray Davies, for example, matched both Lennon's stinging wit and passion and McCartney's streaming melodicism. But while Davies's songs hold up as well as Lennon and McCartney's, the Kinks' records don't hold up as well as the Beatles', because the band's performances did not bring as much added value to the songs as the Beatles' did.

Conveniently enough, 1960s pop supplies a rough test of the importance of the kind of mutual musical sympathy enjoyed by the Beatles. There was another group of four talented, photogenic, and appealing young men full of whimsical humor, who were brought together to record near-perfect pop songs by many of the best songwriters around. They were backed on records by crack session musicians, far better schooled musically than the Beatles. The resulting project never sounded like a great band, although at times they sounded like great Beatles imitators. The band was the Monkees, the prefab four.

While the Beatles were hardly the first rock 'n' rollers to write their own material, they, along with Bob Dylan, certainly made it much harder for artists who followed them to gain credibility unless they wrote. The portraits that Lennon and McCartney paint of their contrasting childhoods illuminate the directions in which each would later develop as a songwriter.



McCartney grew up in a musical household with cosy, hearthstone values. His father and uncle played horns in a jazz band. His father was also a self-taught pianist who entertained at the family's annual New Year's Eve party, a role which Paul eventually inherited. Paul loved popular music before he was exposed to rock 'n' roll, and in his family, music was a means of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

providing pleasure and binding people together.

Abandoned by his father and mother, John was raised by a surrogate mother, his Aunt Mimi. The radio was seldom on in the house, and he discovered the broader world of music only through the medium of rock 'n' roll. Creative, self-absorbed, and carrying the burden of double abandonment, he sought expressive outlets in drawing and writing poems and stories. For him, rock 'n' roll was a medium of personal expression, a safely non-poufy one for an outwardly tough and rebellious but emotionally wounded teen in the brawling, working-class port of Liverpool.

Against this background, it seems natural that Lennon's songs tended to be more personal, raw, and lyrically experimental—but more closely tethered as music to the folk and blues-based structural conventions of rock 'n' roll. McCartney's songs were typically safer, sunnier—some would say emptier—in lyrical content, but more inventive melodically and harmonically, borrowing unabashedly from British music hall tradition and ranging far afield from rock conventions.

The Lennon-McCartney partnership was unusual, though not without precedent. Instead of the usual composer-lyricist songwriting team, both wrote music and lyrics. In the early years, they tended to write jointly (in part, because touring placed them in constant proximity to each other). Later, they wrote separately for the most part, though still under the Lennon-McCartney rubric, and the differences in their writing grew more pronounced.

They split credit and writers' royalties on every song that either wrote, and the fact that they maintained the fifty-fifty split all through the Beatles years is moving testimony to their enormous confidence in each other's ability as a songwriter. If either had failed to maintain rough parity over the years with the other, the deal would have failed. The arrangement, struck in naiveté when the pair were still very young, proved shrewd in practice. It eliminated the financial stakes from the competition (keen enough without that) between the two to have their own songs chosen for albums and singles. The deal that manager Brian Epstein made for them with song publisher Dick James, on the other hand, was so bad that it still rankles McCartney, who justifiably complains that he is only "on for 15 percent" of "Yesterday," the most recorded song of the century.

Each partner in this complicated and fabulously successful relation apparently felt a need to justify himself in terms of the other's strengths. McCartney seems to have viewed the *Anthology* as an opportunity to dispel once and for all his image as a saccharine balladeer, the cute Beatle adored by teenaged girls and, worse, their parents. He protests with embarrassing frequency that he too was kind of arty and avant garde (when John was still living in the stockbroker belt with his first wife), and that he too was a true rock 'n' roller who could write and sing with wild abandon. But all too often he gives himself away, as when he describes arriving early at the studio every day for a week to sing "Oh! Darling" by himself, so that his voice would sound suitably strained when the time came to record.

John, for his part, seems to have suffered through periods of intense anxiety provoked by Paul's unearthly facility in turning out lithe, lovely melodies. Just as Paul protests that, after all, he wrote the raucous "Helter Skelter," so too John was given to reminding Beatles' fans and, one suspects, himself, that he had written his share of elegant melodies, such as "In My Life" (for which Paul irritatingly attempts to grab too much credit in the book) and "Across the Universe." One suspects, however, that John, unlike Paul, would have understood that harping on the point would tend to convey an impression opposite to the intended one.

The perennial question—Lennon or McCartney?—resolves itself into a question about what popular music is supposed to do. Those who believe it is primarily a medium for communication will prefer Lennon. Those who believe it is primarily a medium for creating beauty are apt to prefer McCartney.

The mutual defensiveness and anxiety the two provoked in each other is a pity. When one thinks of the long period of vapid and infantile, puréed pop that saturated the teen market in the late 1950s and early 1960s before the rise of the Beatles, one realizes how badly music needed John Lennon's honesty and emotional heat. And when one thinks of the tuneless propaganda of today's rap and the static drone of club music, one misses Paul McCartney's gentle melodies and dedicated craftsmanship. In fact, when one thinks about it, one may conclude that in the combination of their complementary talents, John Lennon and Paul McCartney raised popular music to a peak of balanced artistry we are unlikely to see again soon. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madeleine Albright and a delegation of State Department diplomats swoon during their visit with North Korean tyrant Kim Jong Il.

—*News item*

All photos: AP / Wide World

How to Pick Up Chicks

From Communist Dictator to Babe Magnet in 15 Minutes

Step 1. Brush your hair straight up (makes you look taller).

Step 2. Wear a Mao jacket. (Guerrilla uniforms work for bearded dictators—Castro, Arafat, etc.—but the sensitive Mao jacket says "Simple Abundance.")

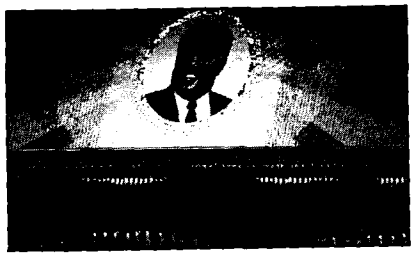
Step 3. Show that big planetarium-sized belly (reminds her that unlike the citizens of your country, you're getting three square meals a day).

Step 4. Throw a Nuremberg-style rally. (Nothing makes a girl's toes tingle more than the sight of 50,000 strapping young fanatics willing to commit mass suicide on your behalf.)

Step 5. Mention that you like jazz (in the realm of dictator sexbombs, one name stands above all others—Yuri Andropov).

Step 6. Opening lines:

a. Welcome to Pyongyang. Come here often?
b. Thank goodness you didn't bring that jerk, Dick Holbrooke.
c. I bet you're wondering why the new missile is called Long Dong.
d. In retrospect, I didn't really want to fire weapons into Japanese airspace; it was just a cry for help. You see, I'm really quite lonely.
e. This North Korean merlot really brings out my soft, sensual side.
f. No, no, I'd be happy to do it. Do I make the check out to Hillary for Senate?



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stock Market and the Consumer

James Poterba is a distinguished visiting ellow, Hoover Institution; professor of economics, MIT; and director of the Public Economics Research Program, National Bureau of Economic Research.

Rising oil prices, tensions in the Middle East, and weaker-than-expected earnings reports from major corporations have worked together to reduce stock prices from their levels in the summer of 2000. The Standard and Poor's 500 stock index, a broad gauge of stock market valuation, is more than 10 percent below its peak, and some market sectors such as technology have experienced sharper declines. The recent pullback comes after years of favorable stock market returns, which generated much discussion of the "wealth effect" and the stock market's role in sustaining the 1990s economic expansion. But just **how important is the stock market in affecting the real economy and consumer spending in particular?** Is the concern that a decline in share prices could end the economic expansion justified?

The existence of a wealth effect associated with stock market fluctuations is beyond dispute. If the value of the stock market rises, the household sector will have greater resources available to finance spending. What *is* open to question is the timing and magnitude of the wealth effect. It is difficult to measure the effect of stock market movements on consumer spending. Although the stock market affects wealth, it is also possible for spending decisions to affect the stock market. A systematic uptick in consumer spending, for reasons unrelated to stock market wealth, could boost share prices, as investors see higher profits flowing from greater product demand. Studies of consumer spending and stock prices, using both long spans of historical data and short-term market movements such as the 1987 stock market crash, suggest that each trillion-dollar increase in stock market wealth raises annual consumer spending by between twenty and forty billion dollars.

To provide perspective on both wealth and consumer spending, it is useful to know that, at the beginning of 2000, U.S. households owned corporate stock worth roughly 13.3 trillion dollars. Household net worth was much larger—just over $42 trillion. Even after the rise of share prices in the 1990s, tangible assets account for roughly the same share of household net worth as corporate stock. But corporate stock represents twice as large a share of wealth today as it did a decade ago, meaning that **share price movements can have a larger effect on consumer spending than they did in the past.**

If past patterns can be used to forecast the future, then one can gauge how a 10 percent stock market correction might affect consumer spending. Such a market drop translates into a wealth reduction of about 1.3 trillion dollars. This translates into a drop in consumer spending of between 25 and 50 billion dollars, or between 0.4 and 0.8 percent of total outlays. This is a significant drop, but such a wealth effect does not seem large enough *by itself* to derail the current expansion. If consumers react to a decline in share values by losing confidence in economic policy, and consequently reduce their spending by more than the simple wealth effect calculus suggests, stock market changes could have a more substantial effect.

— James Poterba

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

Interested in more commentary on public policy?

***Visit us on-line at* www.hoover.org *or contact us to receive a complimentary copy of the 200-page, award-winning* Hoover Digest.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELPING FEED COMMUNITIES IN NEED

"Dignity . . . is life without hunger."

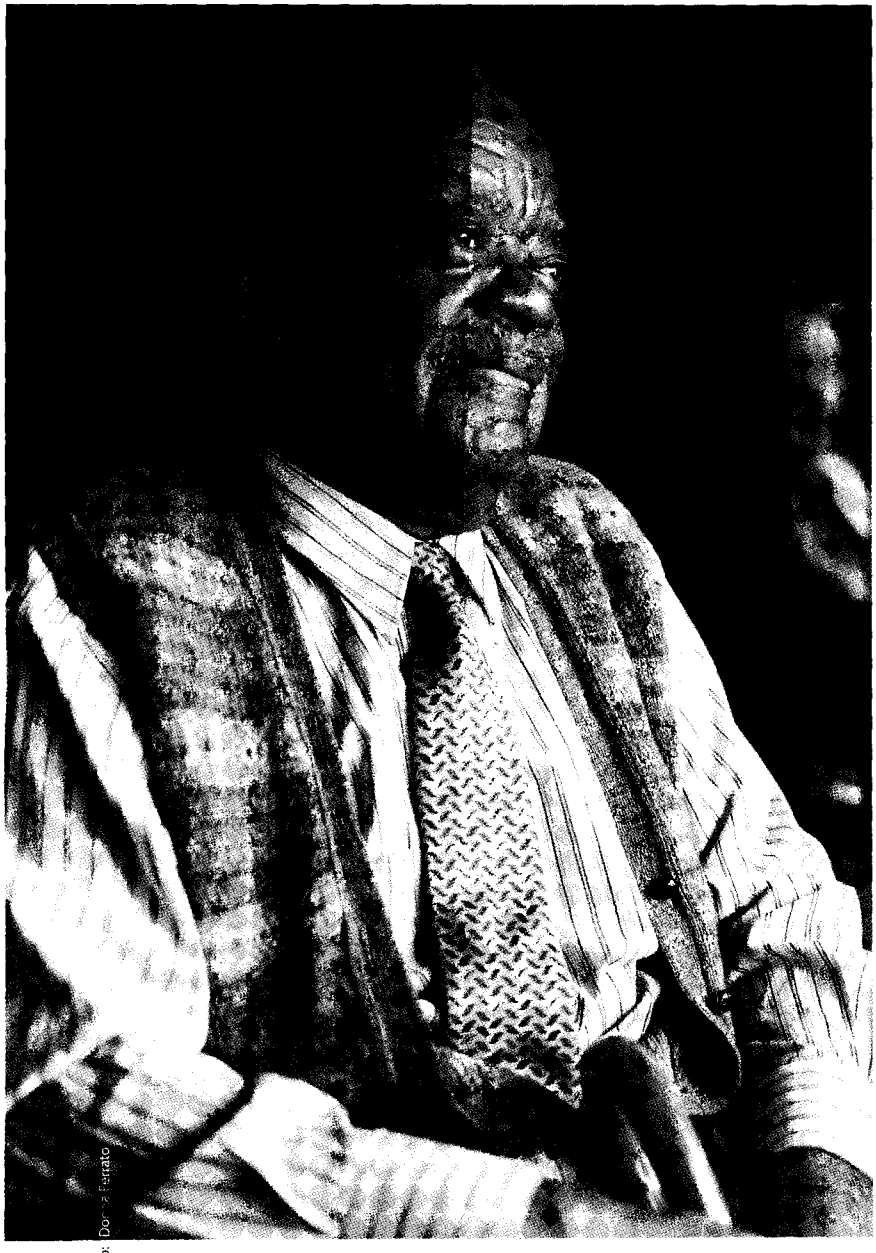


Photo: Don Ferrato

Lewis Niblack didn't want to be a burden.

As one of a growing number of homebound seniors, his daily struggle to get nutritious food limited his cherished sense of independence. Thanks to local grants from the *Senior Helpings* initiative, Lewis and thousands of hungry seniors across the country are no longer kept on waiting lists by their neighborhood meals-on-wheels programs. Now that the wait for food is over, Lewis has regained his self-sufficiency. And with it, his sense of dignity.

This nationwide commitment to reduce waiting lists at meals-on-wheels programs is just a part of *The Philip Morris Fight Against Hunger*. Through initiatives such as *Senior Helpings*, we've been helping communities in need for more than forty years.

To find out how you can help, call today:

National Meals On Wheels Foundation
(319) 354-0862

Supported by the Philip Morris family of companies

KRAFT FOODS, INC. MILLER BREWING COMPANY PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

www.philipmorris.com

© 2000 Philip Morris Management Corp.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED